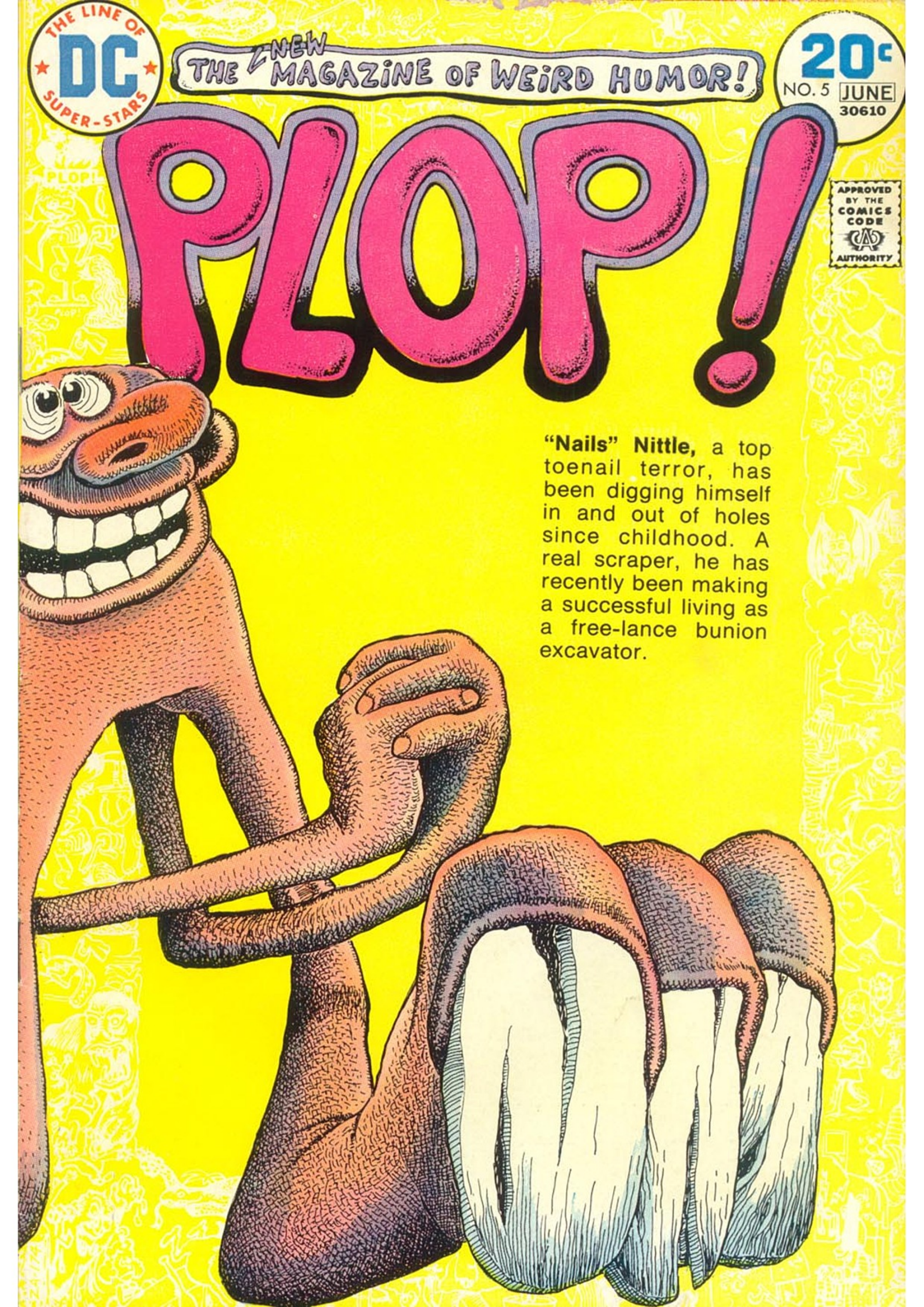
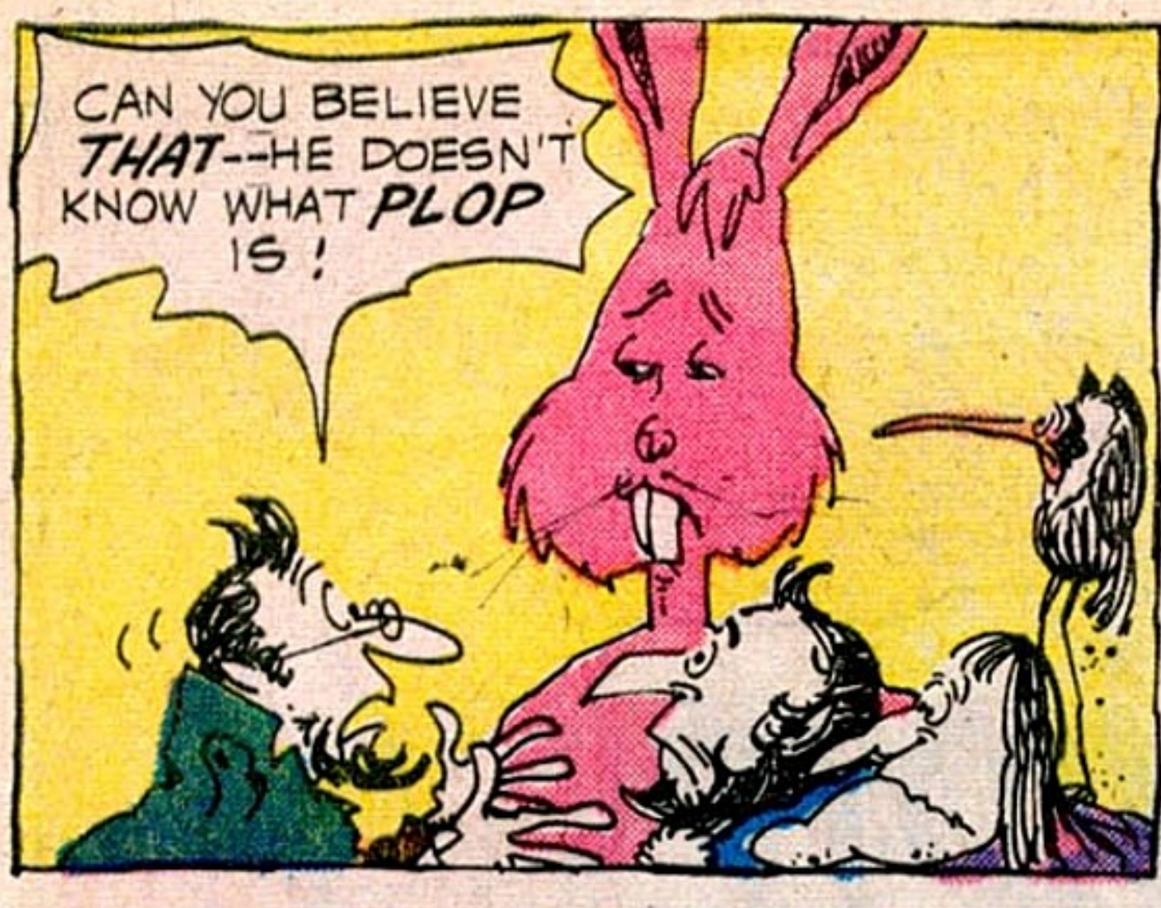
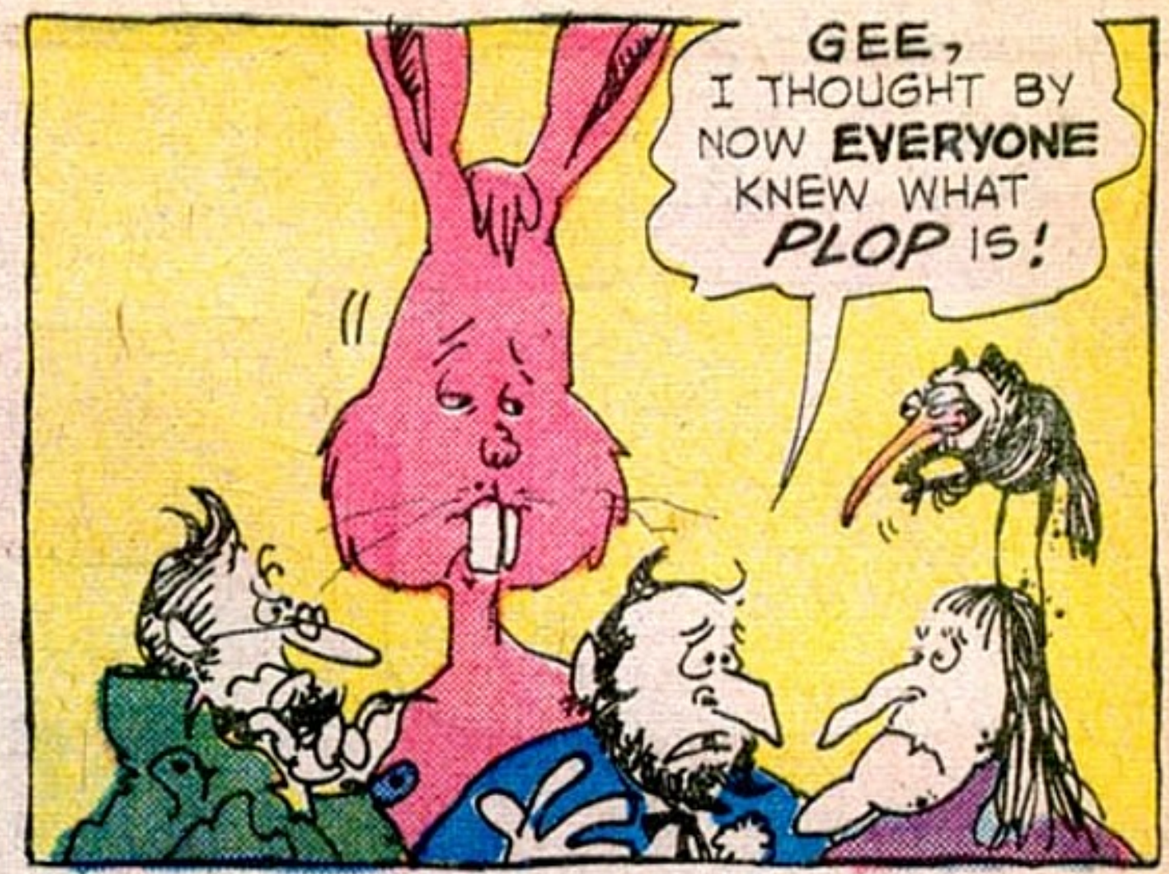
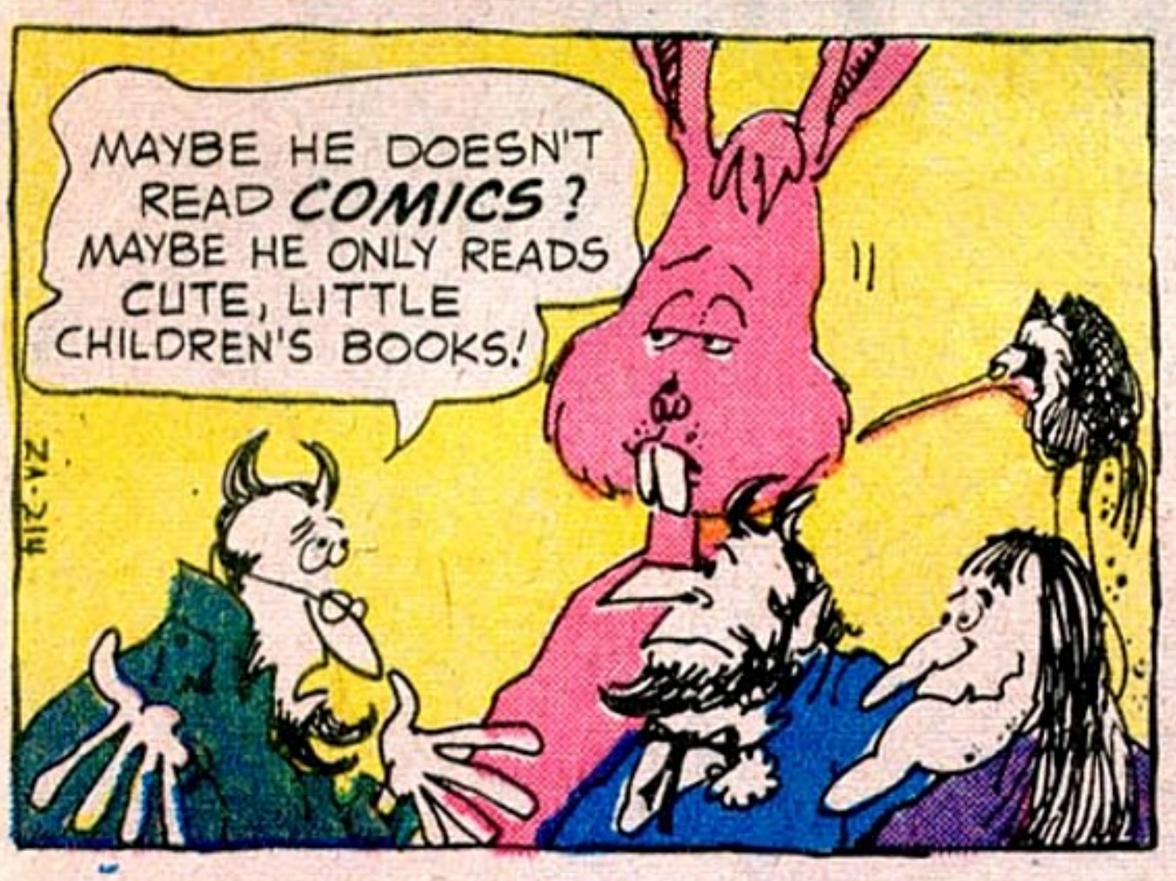
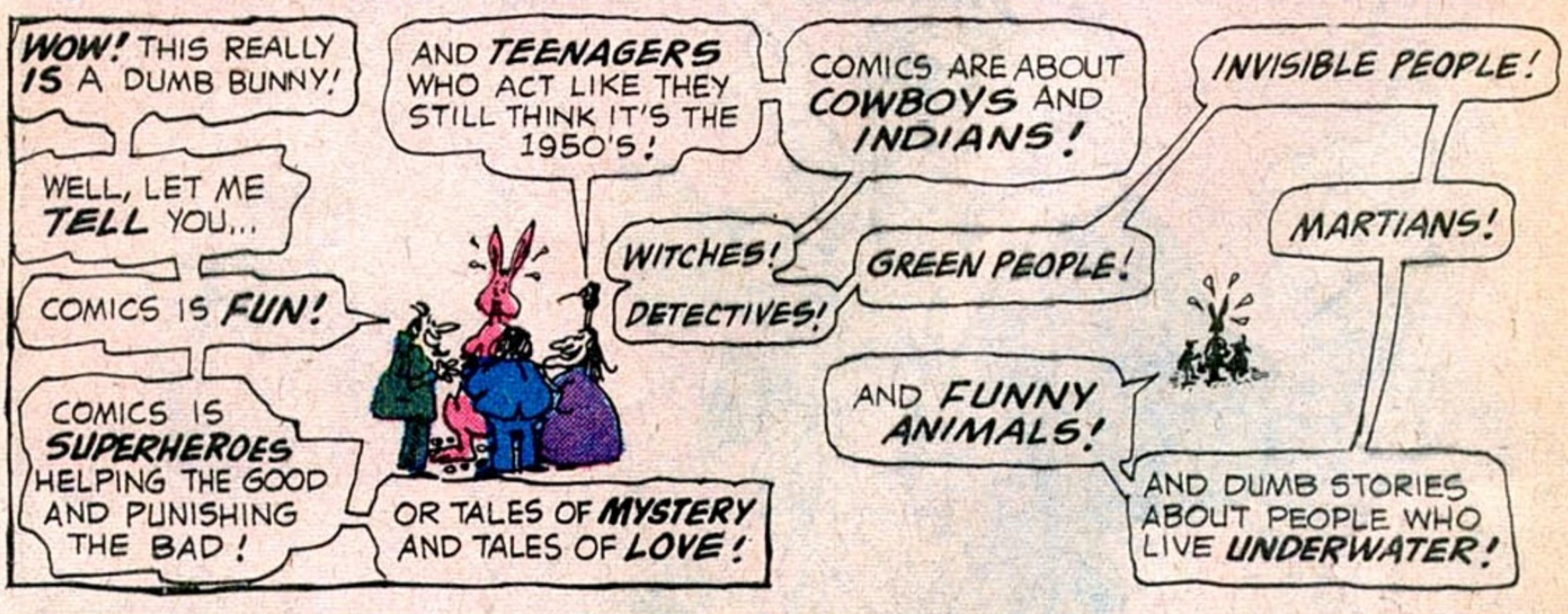

THE LINE OF
DC
SUPER-STARS
THE NEW MAGAZINE OF WEIRD HUMOR!
20c
NO. 5 JUNE
30610
PLOP!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
"Nails" Nittle, a top toenail terror, has been digging himself in and out of holes since childhood. A real scraper, he has recently been making a successful living as a free-lance bunion excavator.

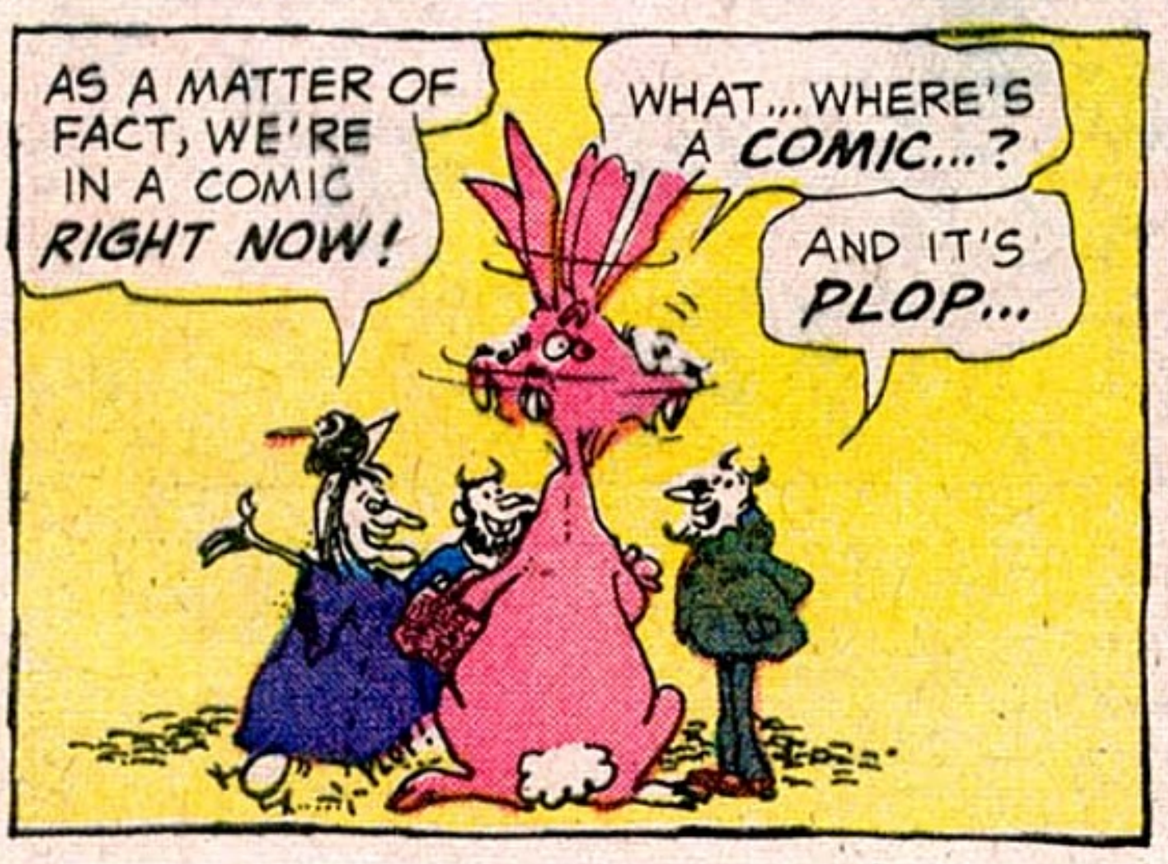

CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT--HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT PLOP IS!


GEE, I THOUGHT BY NOW EVERYONE KNEW WHAT PLOP IS!


MAYBE HE DOESN'T READ COMICS? MAYBE HE ONLY READS CUTE, LITTLE CHILDREN'S BOOKS!

EH...WHAT'S COMICS?

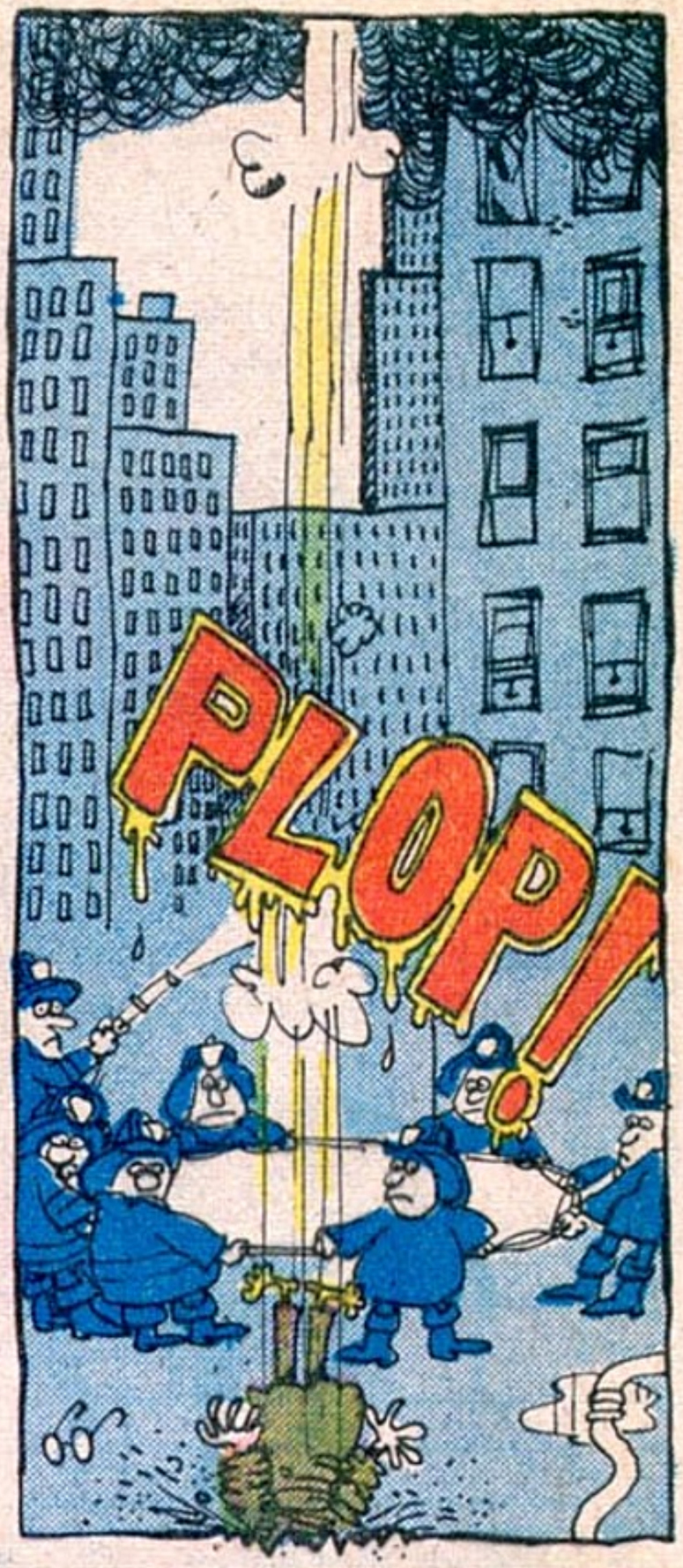

WOW! THIS REALLY IS A DUMB BUNNY!
WELL, LET ME TELL YOU...
COMICS IS FUN!
COMICS IS SUPERHEROES HELPING THE GOOD AND PUNISHING THE BAD!
AND TEENAGERS WHO ACT LIKE THEY STILL THINK IT'S THE 1950'S!
COMICS ARE ABOUT COWBOYS AND INDIANS!
WITCHES!
DETECTIVES!
OR TALES OF MYSTERY AND TALES OF LOVE!
INVISIBLE PEOPLE!
GREEN PEOPLE!
MARTIANS!
AND FUNNY ANIMALS!
AND DUMB STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE WHO LIVE UNDERWATER!

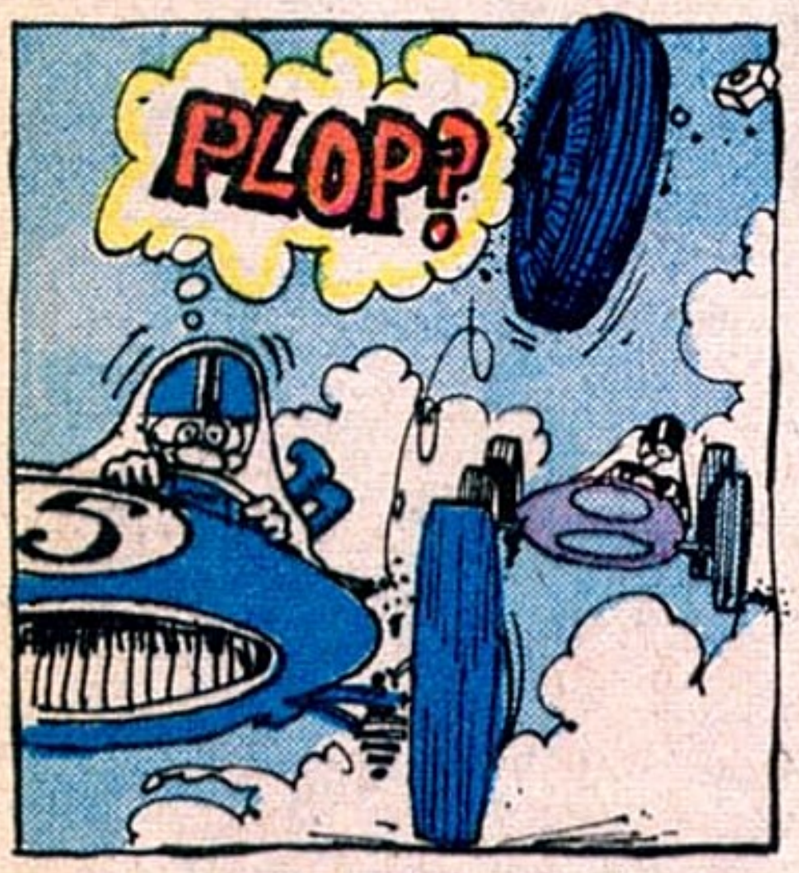

AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE'RE IN A COMIC RIGHT NOW!
WHAT...WHERE'S A COMIC...?
AND IT'S PLOP...

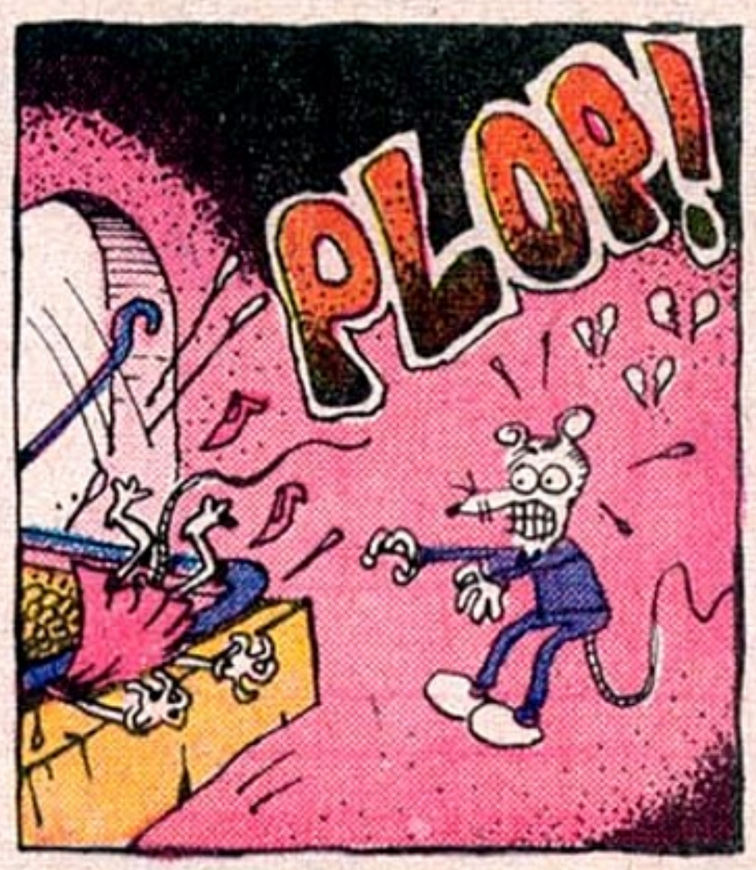
AND IF YOU FOLLOW US, WE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT PLOP IS!
2

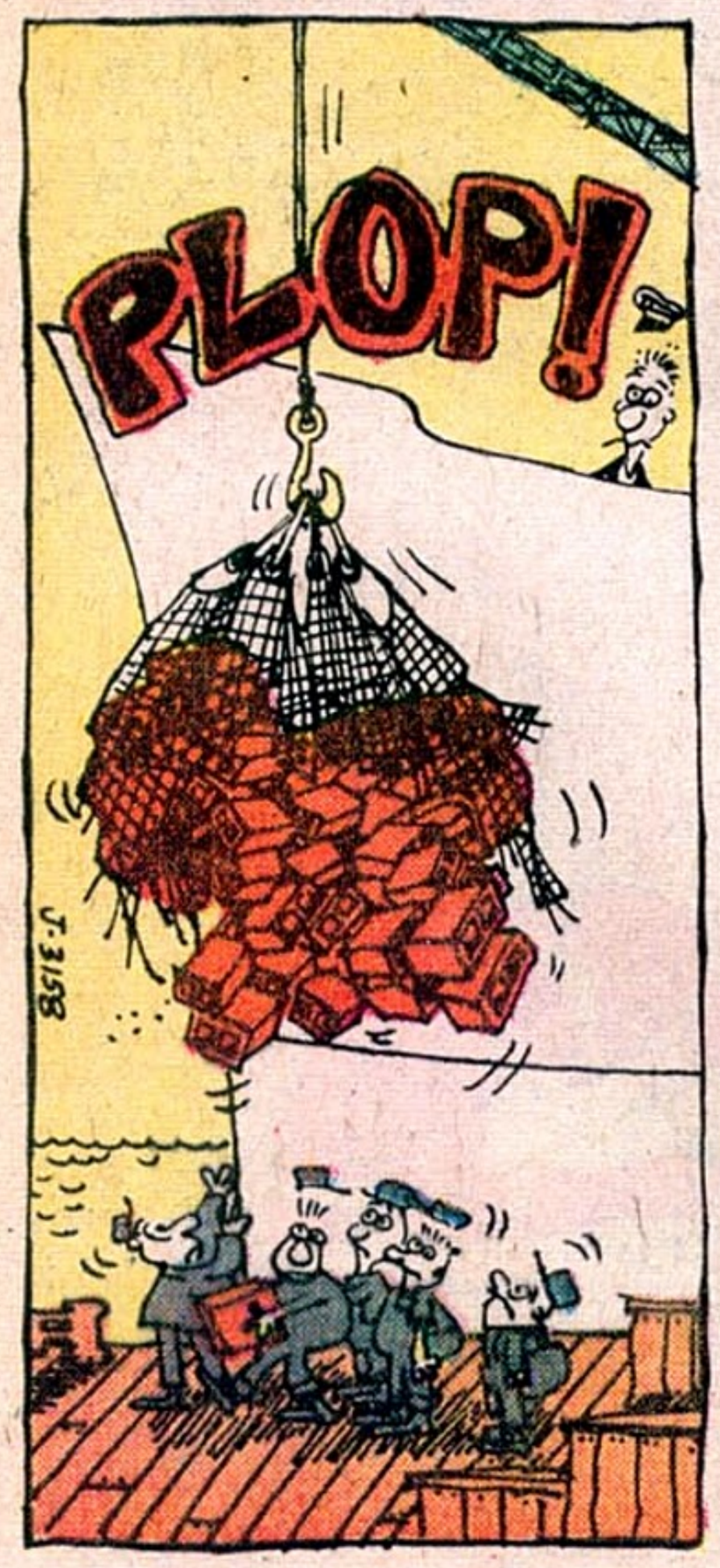
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!

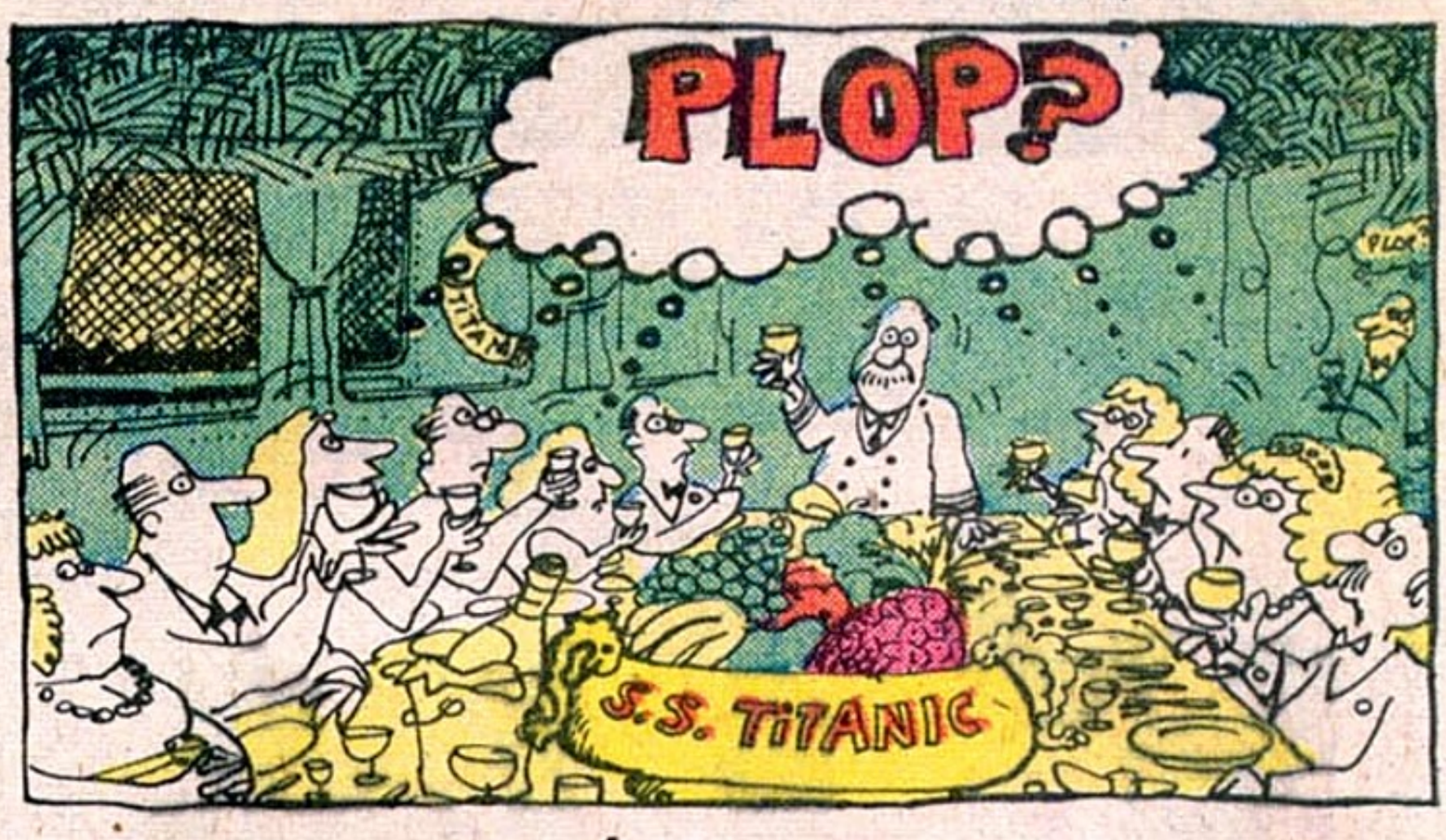
PLOP!


PLOP!


PLOP?

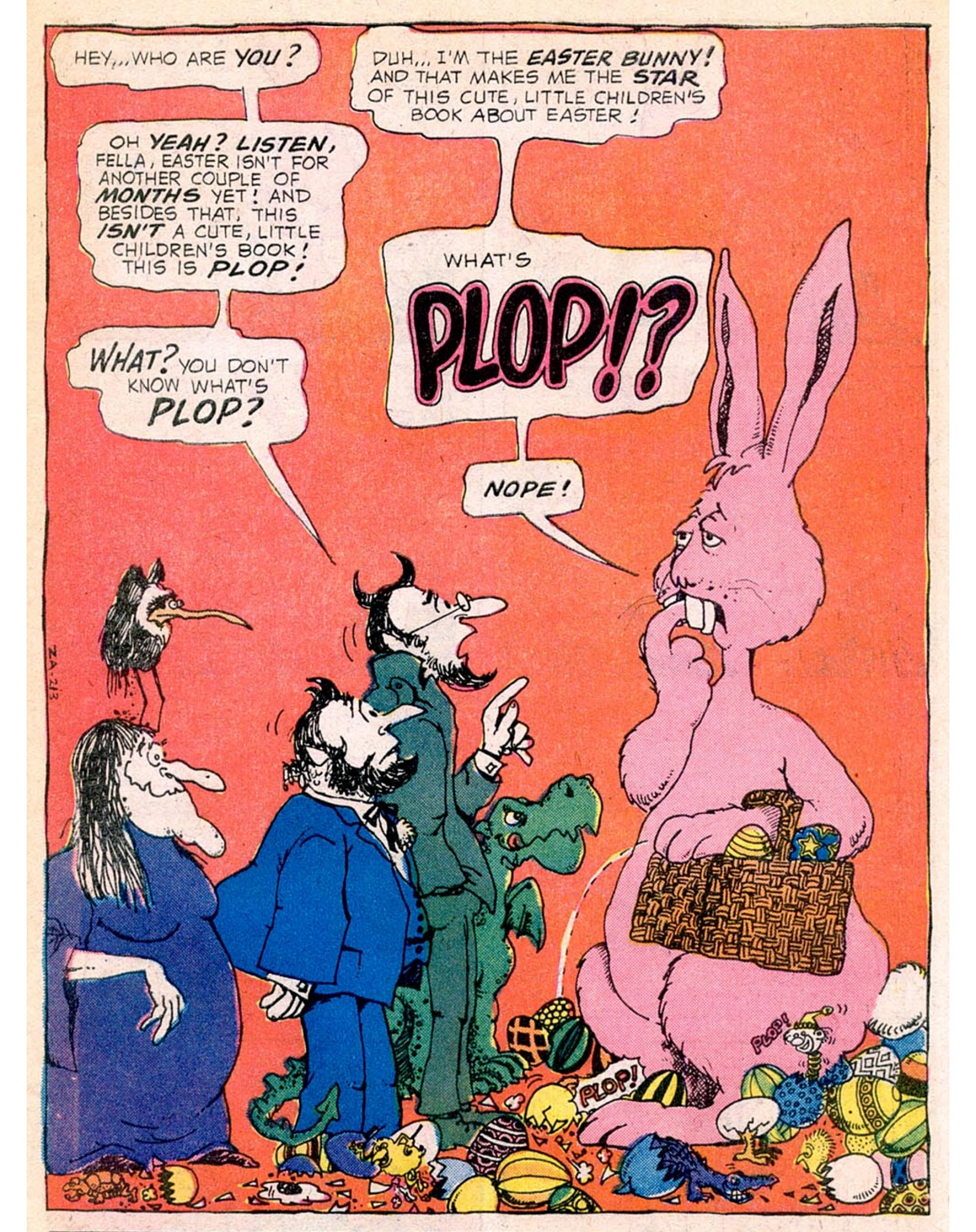

PLOP!


PLOP!


PLOP?
S.S. TITANIC

PLOP

AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!



PLOP!, Vol. 2, No. 5, May-June, 1974. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10019. Carmine Infantino, Publisher. Joe Orlando, Editor. Paul Levitz, Assistant Editor. Sol Harrison, Vice-President—Production Manager. Copyright © 1974 by National Periodical Publications, Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Printed in U. S. A.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.: P.O. Box 1047, Flushing, N.Y. 11352. Rate $3 in U.S.A. ($4 elsewhere). Subscription term based on cover prices (20c or 60c) of consecutive issues mailed.

This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to, nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

NUMBER 5 MAY/JUNE 1974

CARMINE INFANTINO—PUBLISHER OF

PLOP!

ZA-232

JOE ORLANDO, EDITOR & CHIEF GURU

Paul Levitz, Assistant Editor & Pencil Pusher

Contributing Artists, Writers, Troublemakers & Weirdos:
John Albano Murphy Anderson
Sergio Aragones Robert Johnson
George Kashdan Coram Nobis
Ed Noonchester Mike Sekowsky
Steve Skeates Berni Wrightson
Basil Wolverton
(and anybody else we can get to work for us cheap!)
present the . . .

TABLE OF PLOP-TENTS

PLOP CELEBRATES
The whole world knows what PLOP is now! We're so famous that even the Easter Bunny himself is paying us a visit, complete with a basket of jokes guaranteed not to lay an egg 2

SUPER PLOPS
Everybody's life has to go PLOP once in a while, even if they're the mightiest men on Earth 5

THE ULTIMATE FREEDOM
Since the dawn of time man has dreamed of being able to fly like the birds, but even dreams come true can go PLOP 8

PEOPLE PLOPS
Butcher . . . baker . . . candlestick maker . . . they don't belong anywhere else in this zany mag, so we gave them a page of PLOPS all their own 16

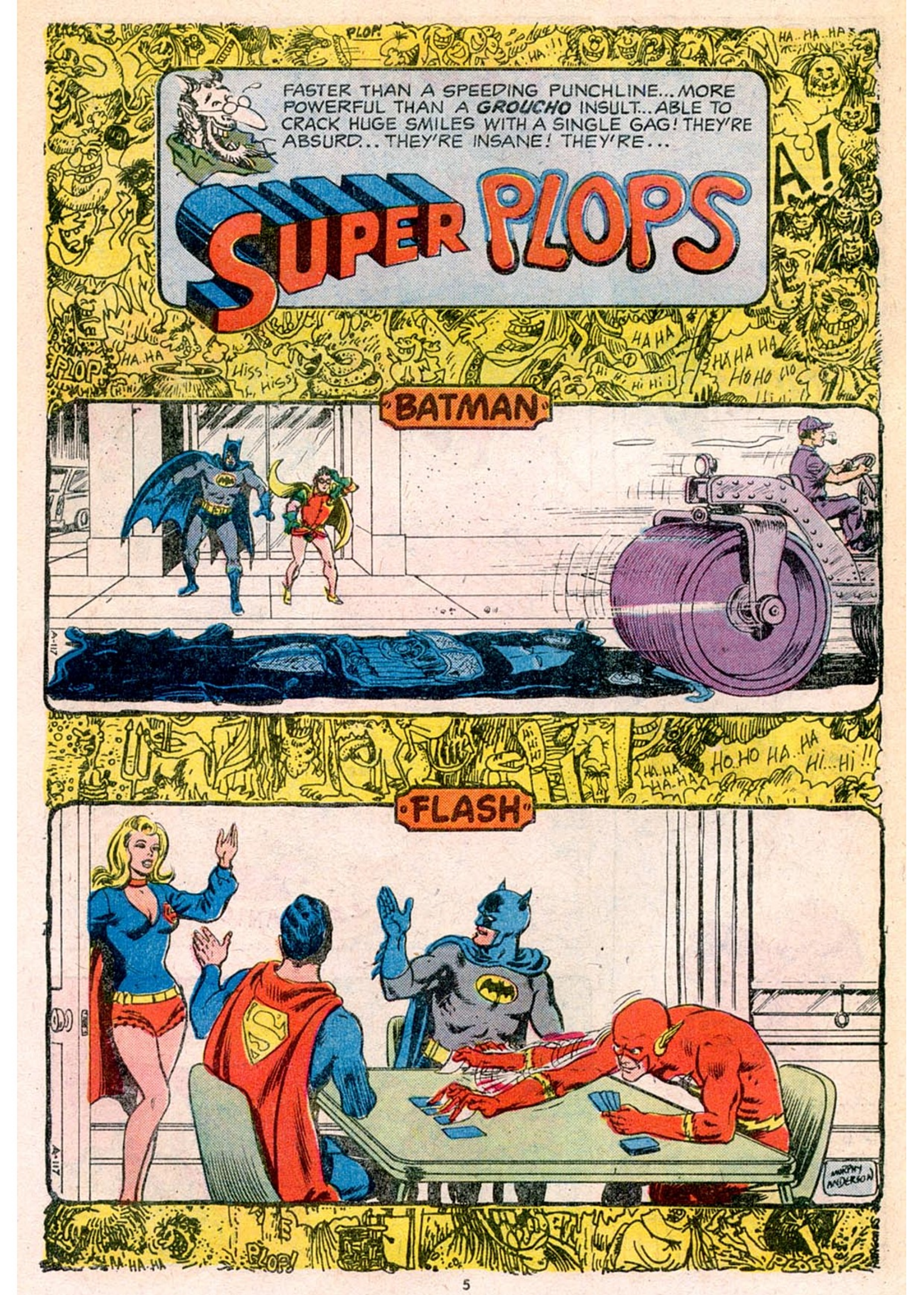
PRISON PLOPS
A page of peerless PLOPS perfectly picked to put you away 17

PRESCRIPTION PLOPS
Feeling sad cause we didn't print your letter? Cheer up —maybe next time. And if that's not good enough, why just take another dose of our prescription PLOPS 21

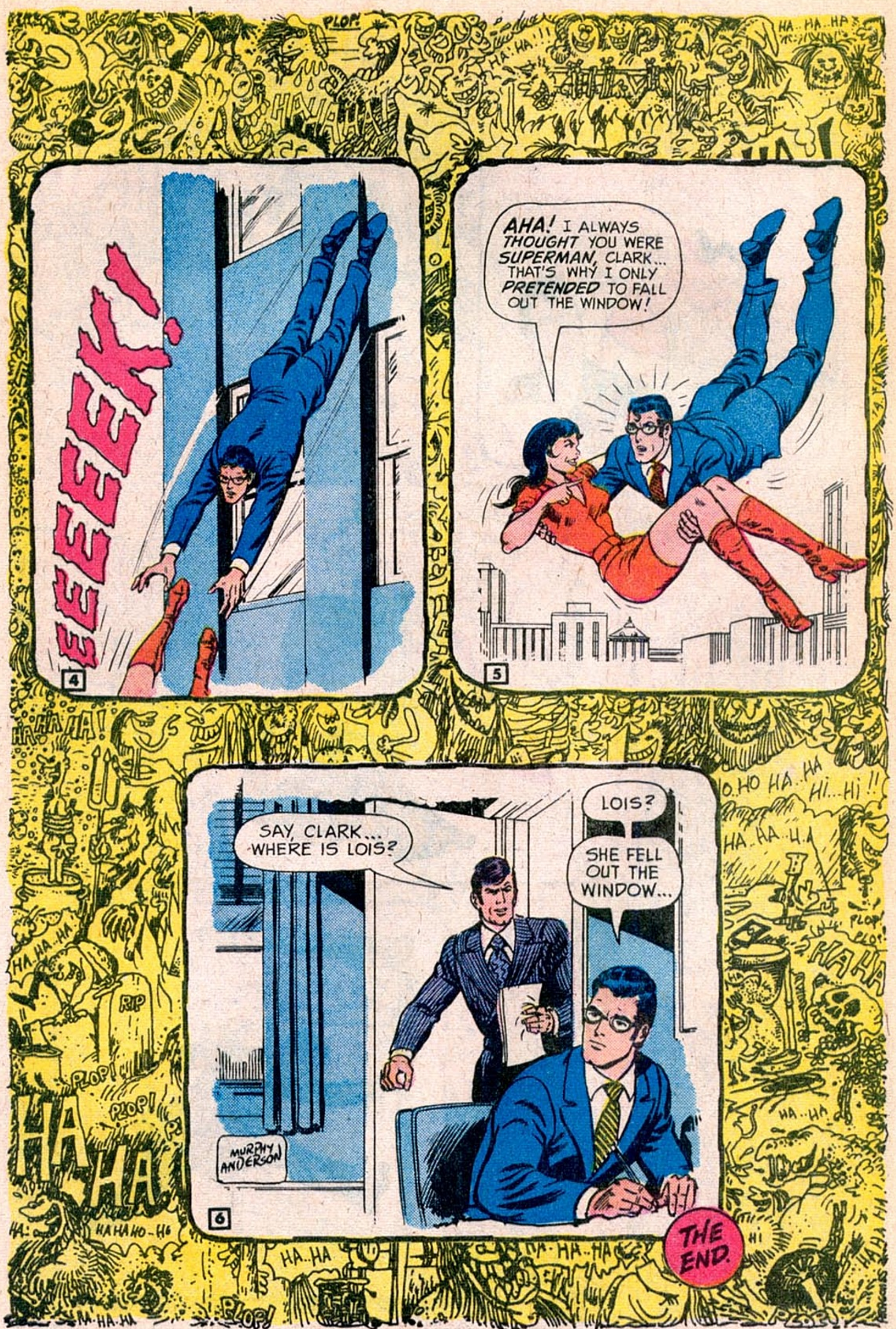
HIS HONOR THE MAYOR
This hasn't been a very good year for politicians, and we're about to add to their problems 23

MONSTER PLOPS
This is the magazine of **weird** humor, right? Well, here's your 20c worth of weird (look elsewhere for humor) 26

MOLDED IN EVIL
To wind up our special Easter issue, a Valentine's story about a sculptor who fell in love with his work 28


PLOP!
HA..HA..HA!
FASTER THAN A SPEEDING PUNCHLINE... MORE POWERFUL THAN A GROUCHO INSULT... ABLE TO CRACK HUGE SMILES WITH A SINGLE GAG! THEY'RE ABSURD... THEY'RE INSANE! THEY'RE...
SUPER PLOPS
A!
PLOP
HA..HA
HISS! HISS!
HA HA
HA HA HA
HO HO HO
BATMAN
HA..HA HA..HA
HO..HO HA..HA
HI...HI!!
FLASH
MURPHY ANDERSON
HA-HA-HA
PLOP!
PLOP!

SUPERMAN
EEEK!
A-109
GREAT SCOTT! LOIS TRIPPED AND FELL OUT THE WINDOW!
EEEEEEK!
--NO-TIME TO CHANGE INTO MY SUPERMAN COSTUME--
HA..HA..HA..HA!
HI..HI..HI..
HO.HO HA..HA HI...HI!!
HA HA HA!
PLOP!


PLOP!
HA-HA!!
HA..HA..HA
EEEEEK!
4
AHA! I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPERMAN, CLARK... THAT'S WHY I ONLY PRETENDED TO FALL OUT THE WINDOW!
5
HA-HA-HA!
HO HO HA..HA
HI...HI!!
HA..HA..HA
SAY, CLARK... WHERE IS LOIS?
LOIS?
SHE FELL OUT THE WINDOW...
MURPHY ANDERSON
6
PLOP!
KAHA
HA..HA
HA-HA-HA
RIP
PLOP!
PLOP!
HA-HA
HA-HA-HA
HA-HA-HA
HA..HA
PLOP!
HA-HA-HA
THE END.

THE SAGA OF OLIVER PARTRIDGE IS DELICIOUSLY SAD TO RELATE, FOR HE WAS BOTH HERO AND VICTIM OF A TRULY PREPOSTEROUS FATE.

AND HE LEARNED THAT FORTUNE AND GLORY WERE MOCKING AND MEANINGLESS WORDS, AND THE GIFT OF...

THE ULTIMATE FREEDOM

WAS STRICTLY A GIFT FOR THE BIRDS.

--AND *DON'T COME BACK*, YOU *HAS-BEEN!* NOBODY WANTS TO SEE *BIRD ACTS* ANYMORE!

THUND!!

FOUR STAR THEATRICAL AGENCY

ZA-187

-SCRIPT-
CORAM NOBIS
-ART-
SERGIO ARAGONES

BACK IN HIS LONELY ROOM, *OLIVER PARTRIDGE* SAT IN DESPAIR, CONTEMPLATING THE *END* OF HIS *CAREER* AND THE *BLEAK FUTURE* AHEAD...

OLIVER PARTRIDGE AND HIS PEERLESS PLUMED PALS

WE WERE THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS, MY LITTLE FRIENDS... BUT TIMES HAVE CHANGED... NOBODY WANTS US... THE CURTAIN HAS COME DOWN FOR *THE LAST TIME!*

O.P

AS THE DAYS WENT BY, *OLIVER* WAS REDUCED TO *SHARING* THE *SIMPLE FARE* OF HIS PRECIOUS BIRDS...

WHO KNOWS? MAYBE TOMORROW OUR LUCK WILL *CHANGE*...

BIRD SEED

AT LAST, MOURNFULLY, HE REALIZED HE WAS FACING AN APPROACHING *TRAGEDY*...

THE *LAST* OF OUR FOOD, MY PETS... AND NOW THERE'S NOTHING... NOTHING EXCEPT...

BIRD SEED

AND THEN, CONSUMED BY REMORSE, OLIVER BEGAN TO CONSUME THE *ACT*!

IN A FEW DAYS, THE ACT WAS *GONE*--AND ALL THAT REMAINED WAS THE *REMORSE*... AND THE *REMAINS*!...

THERE'S *NO* BUSINESS... SOB!

...LIKE *SHOW* BUSINESS... SOB!

AND NOW HE WAS READY TO MAKE HIS *LAST EXIT*!

GOODBYE, WORLD... A FOND FAREWELL FROM *OLIVER PARTRIDGE*...

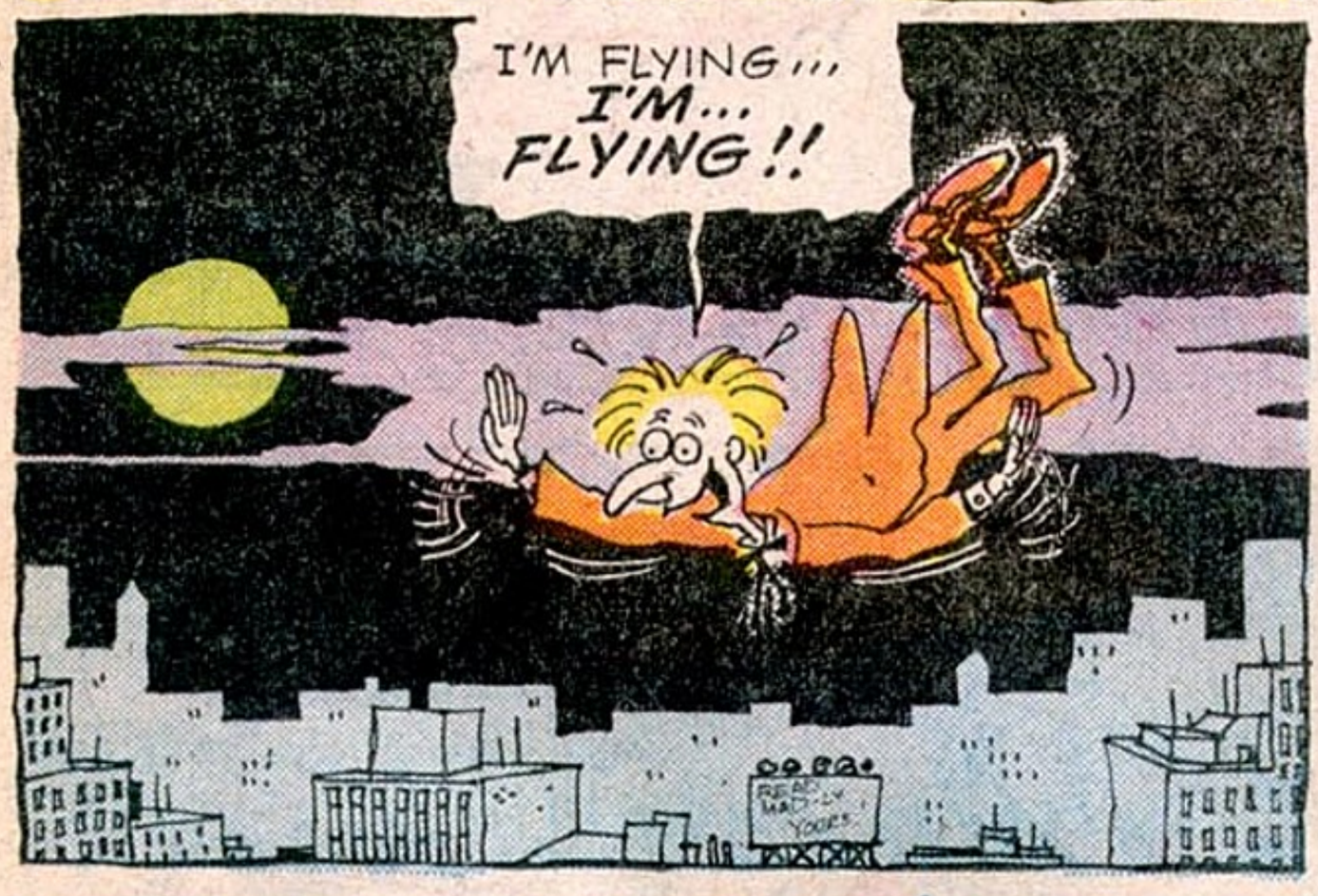
HOTEL OLIVER

HOTEL

DOWN HE CAME, THE HARD GROUND RUSHING UP TO MEET HIM...

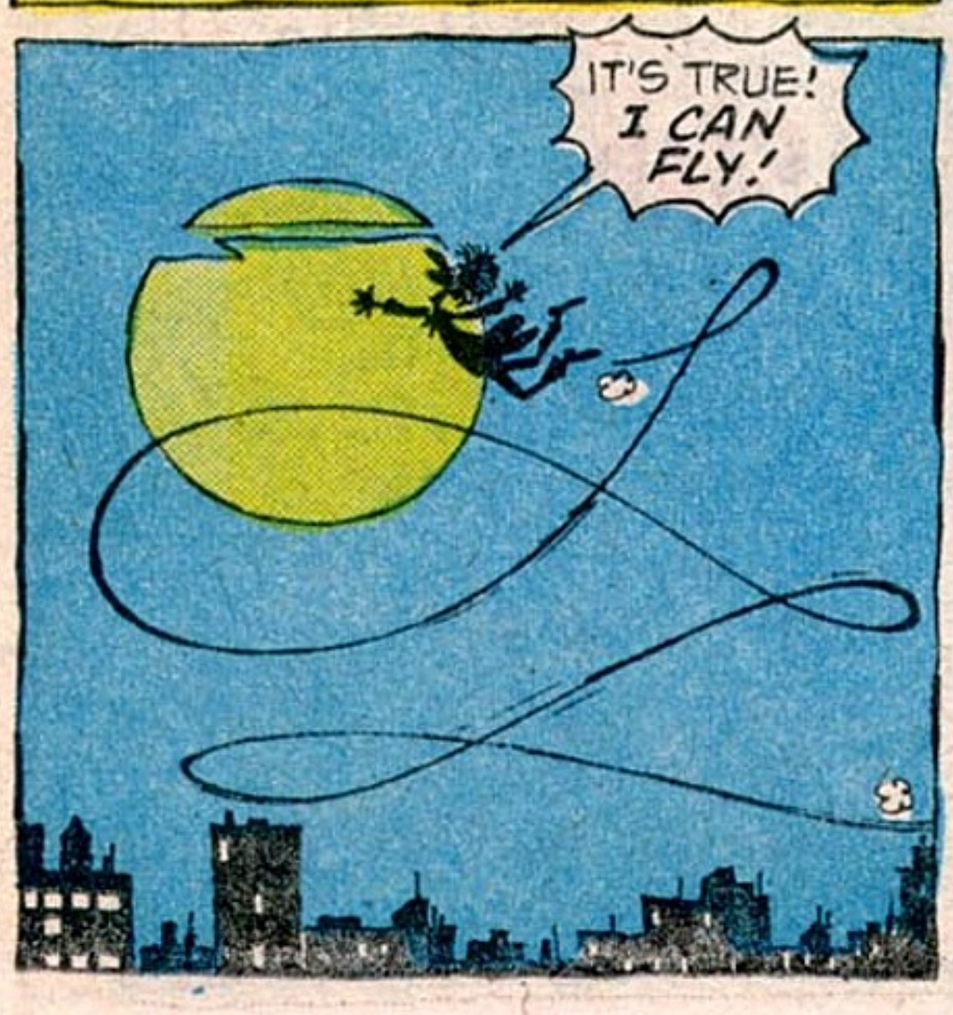
BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT, JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO CRASH...

AND SECONDS LATER, HE WAS BACK WHERE HE HAD STARTED...

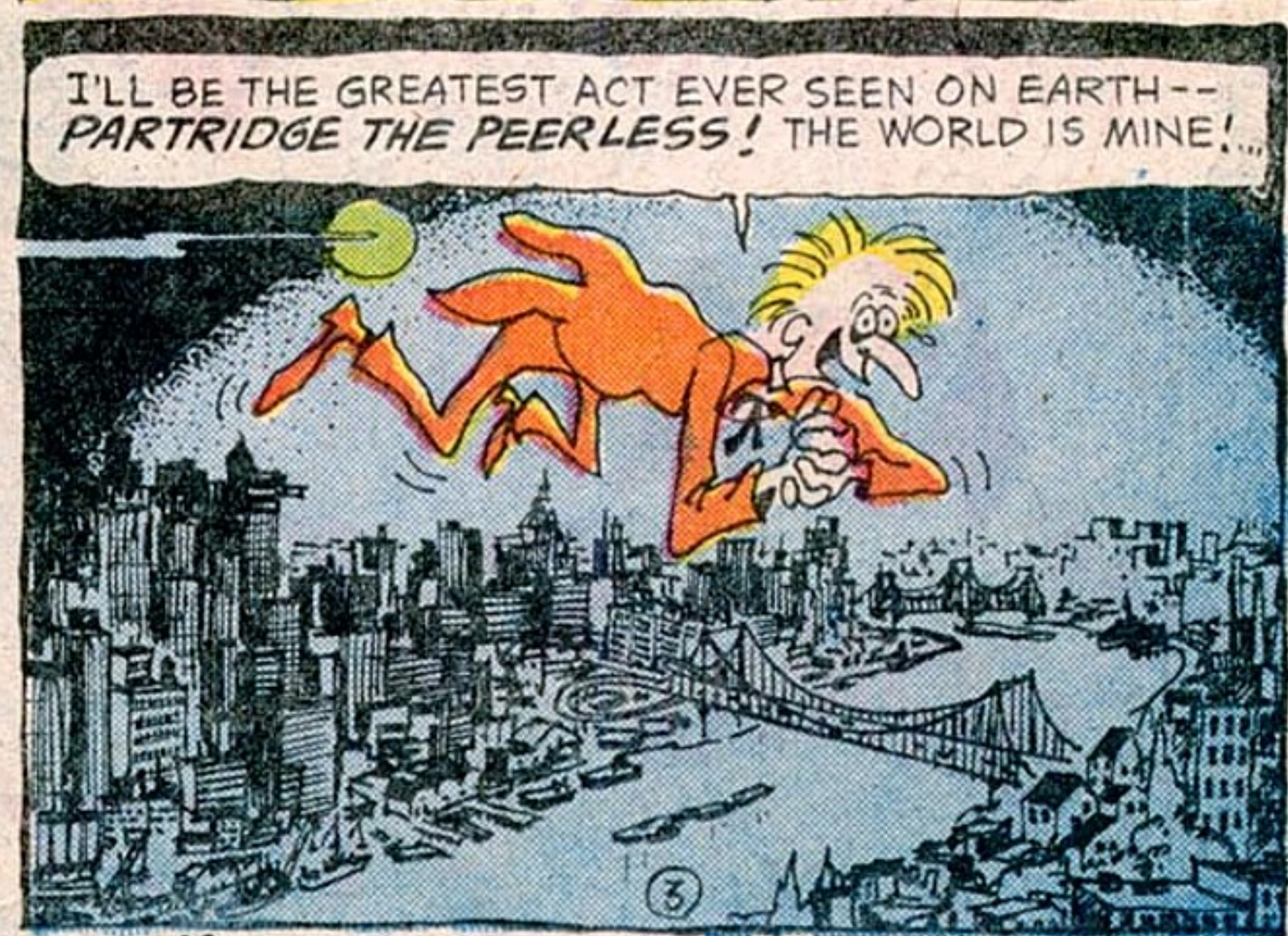


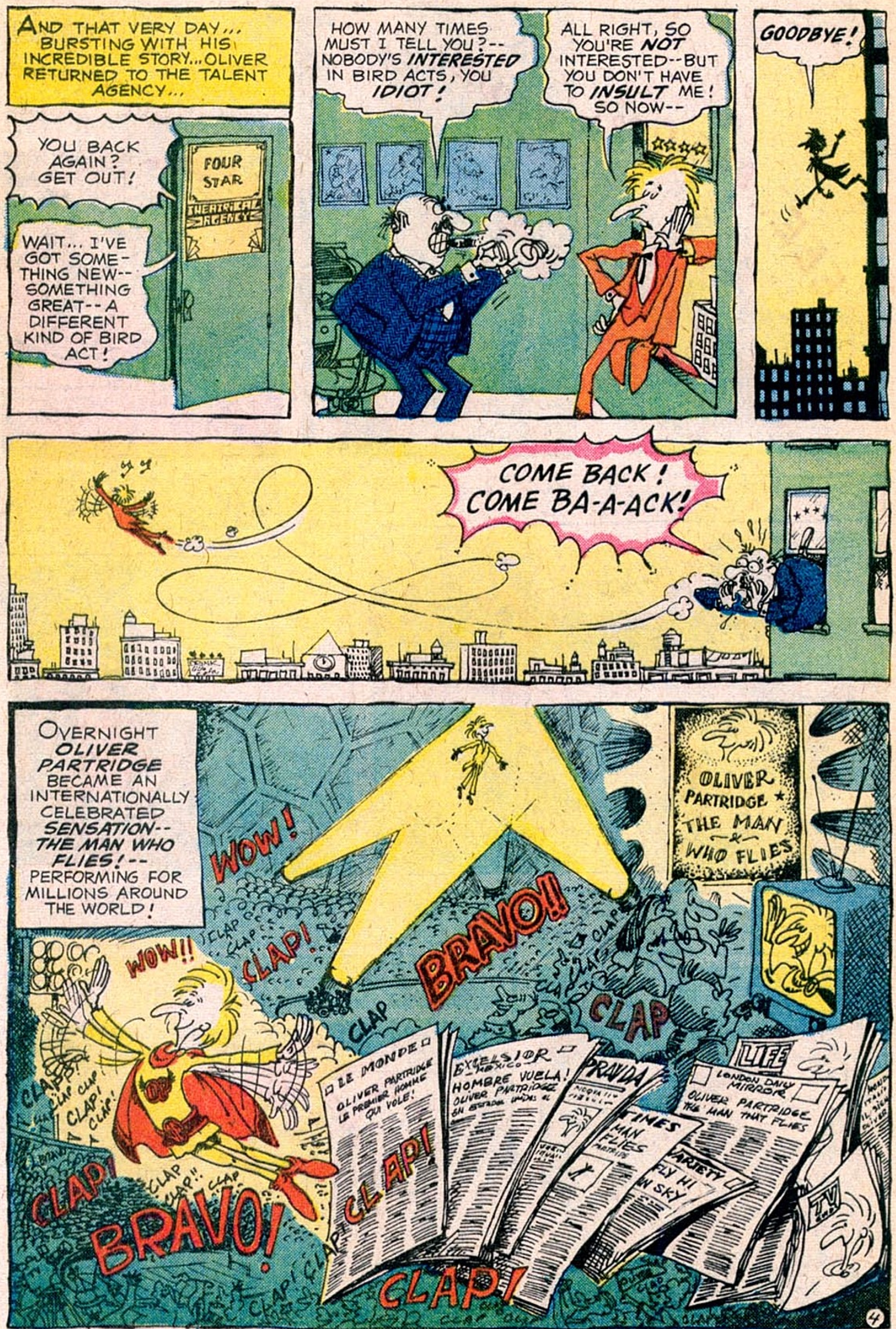
OLIVER KNEW THAT WHAT HAD HAPPENED WAS UNBELIEVABLE, BUT IT WAS UNDENIABLE--HE HAD FLOWN!

WITH COURAGE AND WITH FAITH --OLIVER TRIED...

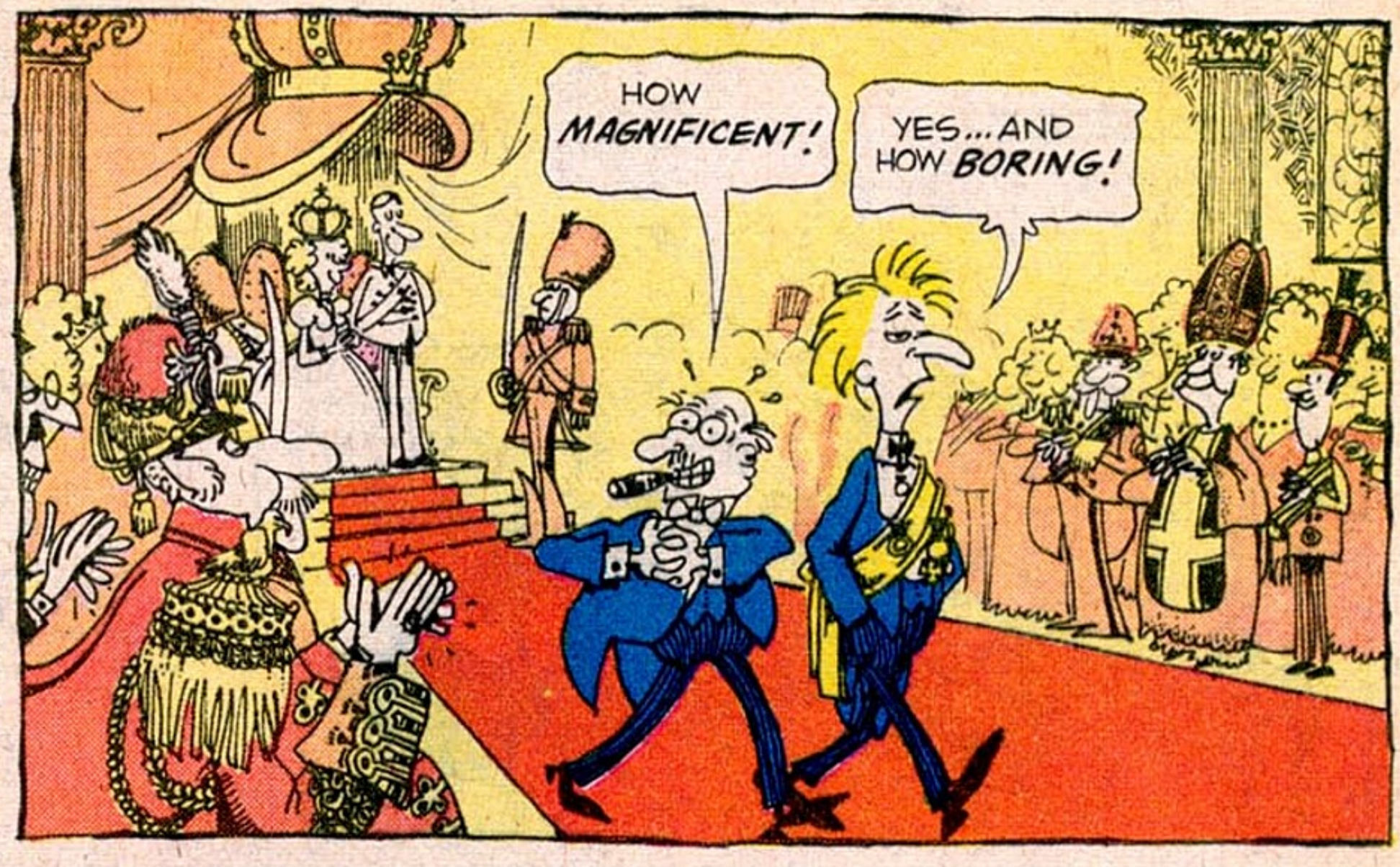


FOR HOURS THAT NIGHT, HE SOARED THE MOONLIT SKY... DREAMING GREAT DREAMS OF GLORY...

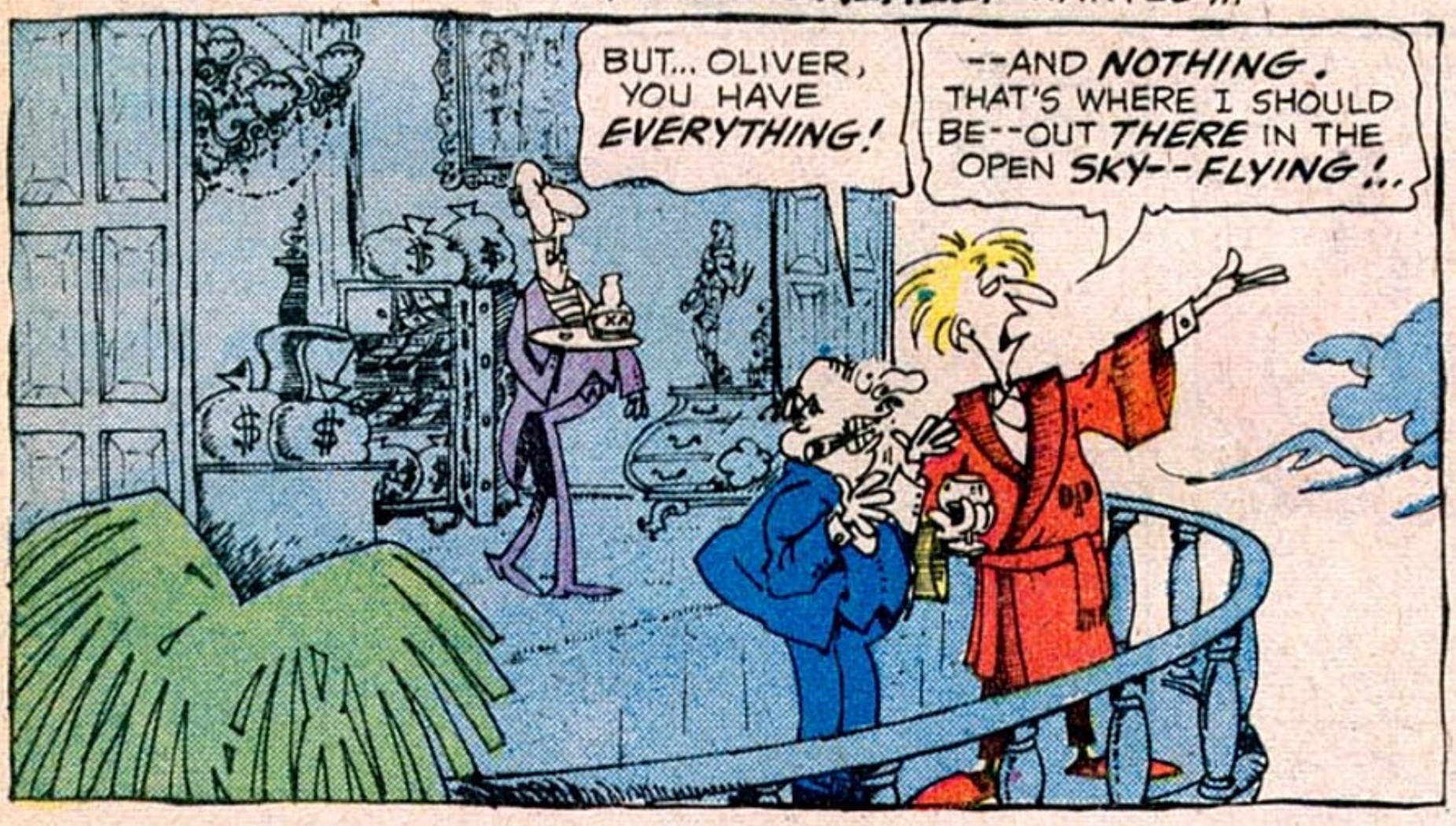



AND THAT VERY DAY... BURSTING WITH HIS INCREDIBLE STORY...OLIVER RETURNED TO THE TALENT AGENCY...
YOU BACK AGAIN? GET OUT!
FOUR STAR
THEATRICAL AGENCY
WAIT... I'VE GOT SOMETHING NEW-- SOMETHING GREAT-- A DIFFERENT KIND OF BIRD ACT!
HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU?-- NOBODY'S INTERESTED IN BIRD ACTS, YOU IDIOT!
ALL RIGHT, SO YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED--BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO INSULT ME! SO NOW--
GOODBYE!
COME BACK! COME BA-A-ACK!
OVERNIGHT OLIVER PARTRIDGE BECAME AN INTERNATIONALLY CELEBRATED SENSATION-- THE MAN WHO FLIES!-- PERFORMING FOR MILLIONS AROUND THE WORLD!
OLIVER PARTRIDGE THE MAN & WHO FLIES
WOW!
WOW!!
CLAP!
BRAVO!!
CLAP
LE MONDE
OLIVER PARTRIDGE LE PREMIER HOMME QUI VOLE!
EXCELSIOR MEXICO
HOMBRE VUELA!
OLIVER PARTRIDGE
PRAVDA
TIMES
MAN FLIES
VARIETY
FLY HI IN SKY
LIFE
LONDON DAILY MIRROR
OLIVER PARTRIDGE THE MAN THAT FLIES
TV
CLAP!
BRAVO!
CLAP!
CLAP!
4

IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, OLIVER WAS EVERYWHERE, RECEIVED BY THE *FAMOUS* AND THE *TITLED* AND THE *MIGHTY*... BUT, STRANGELY, IT ALL BEGAN TO LOSE ITS MEANING...



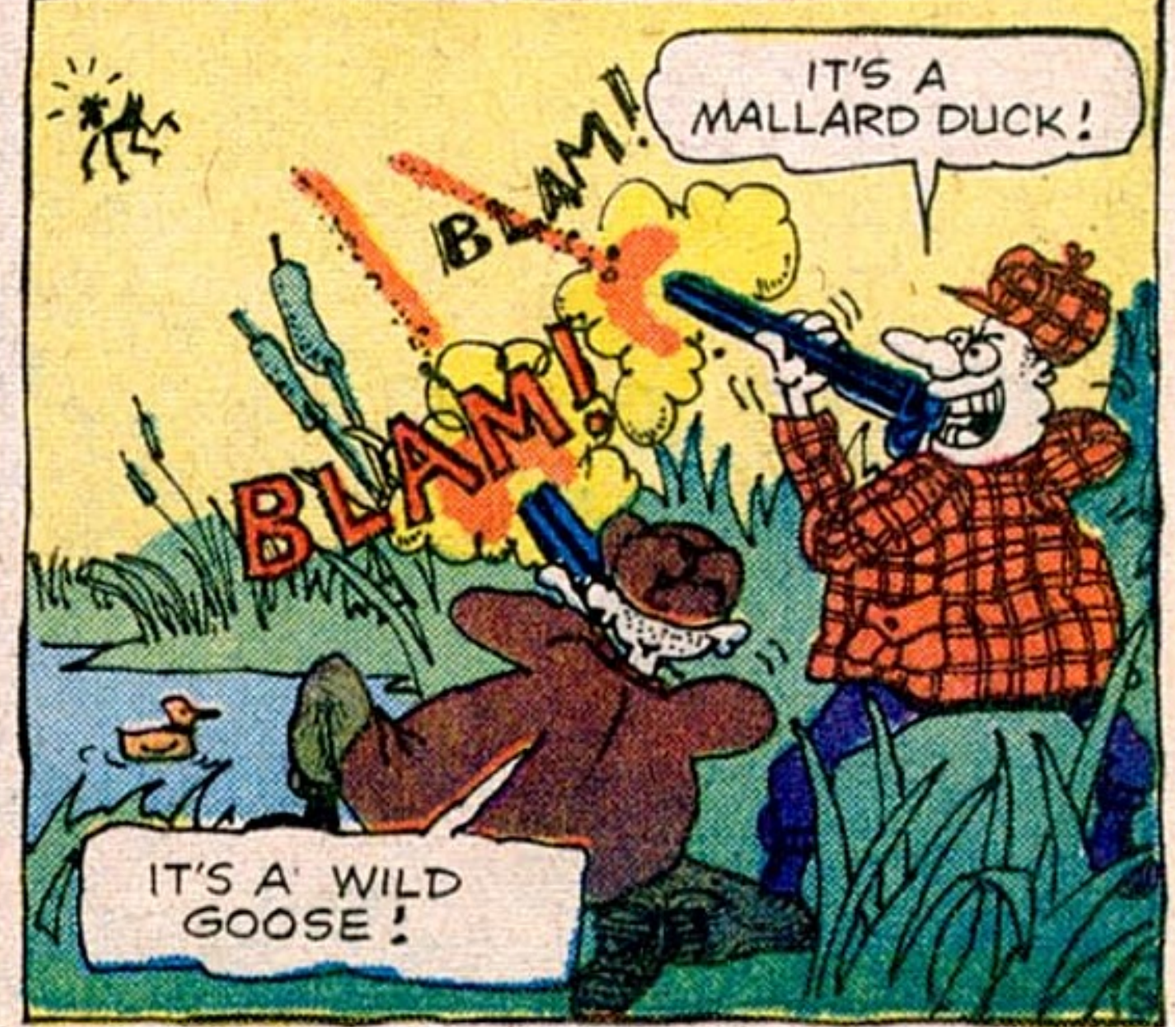
HIS *WEALTH* EQUALLED HIS *FAME*... BUT OLIVER HAD LEARNED THAT *NEITHER* COULD GIVE HIM WHAT HE *REALLY* WANTED...

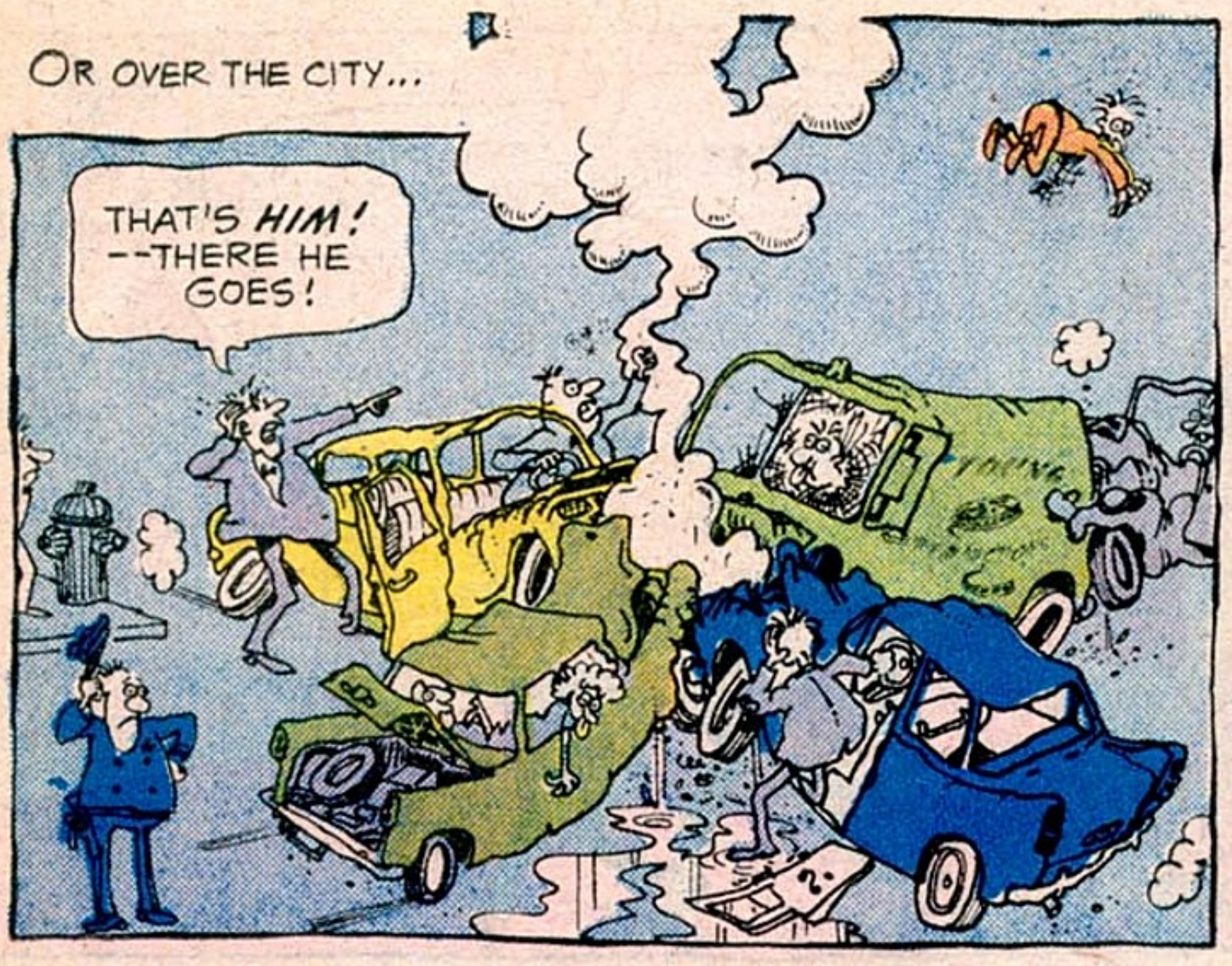


YES, FLYING... JUST FOR THE LOVE OF FLYING-- BUT OLIVER WAS SO BUSY PERFORMING THAT HE SELDOM HAD THE TIME OR ENERGY TO FLY FOR THE JOY OF IT... AND WHEN HE DID ON OCCASION FLY... ALL SORTS OF THINGS WENT WRONG...

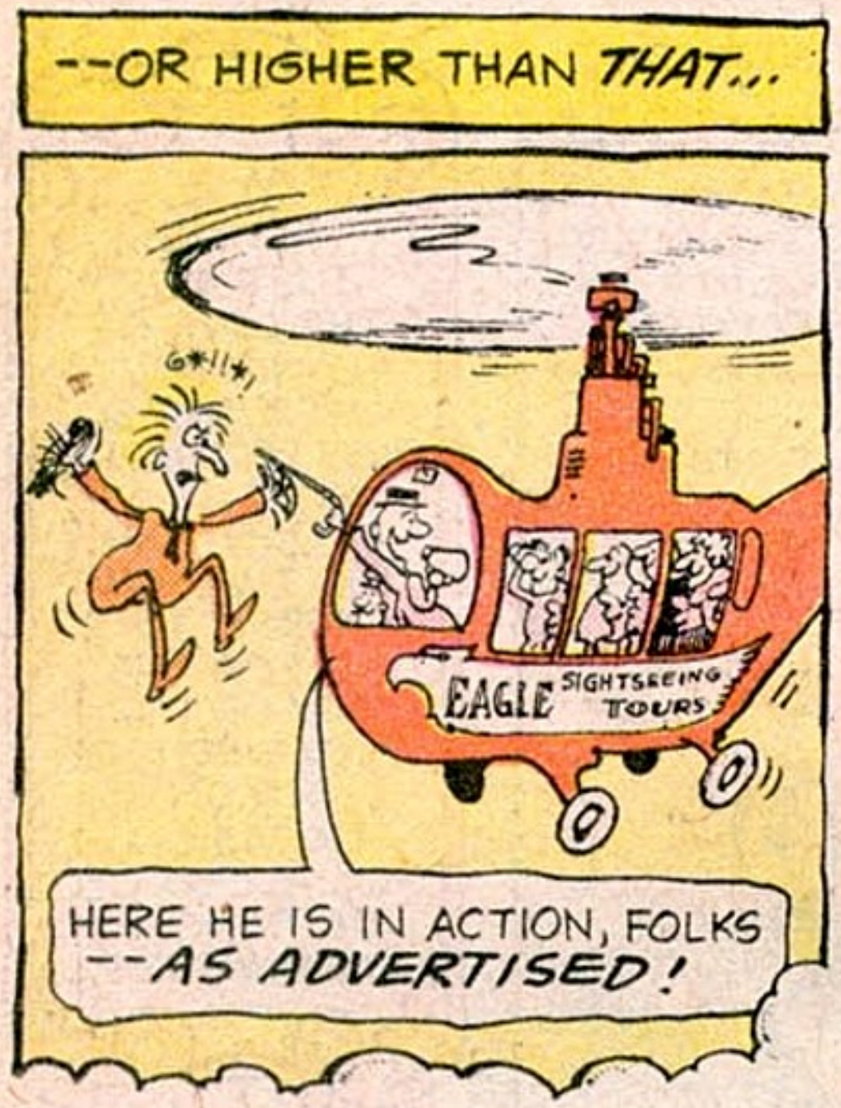
WHEN HE FLEW IN THE *COUNTRY*--

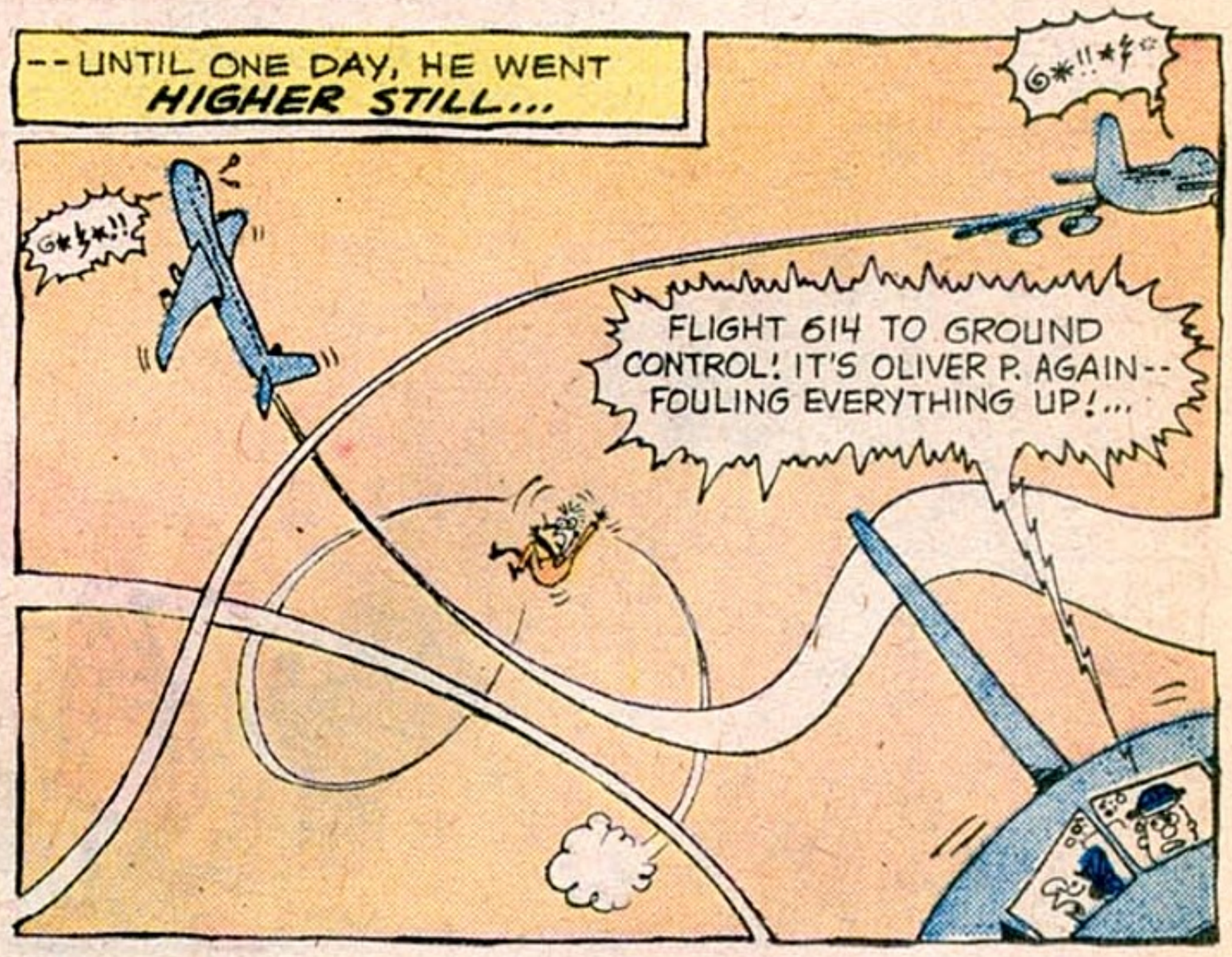
...OR OVER LAKES AND RIVERS--

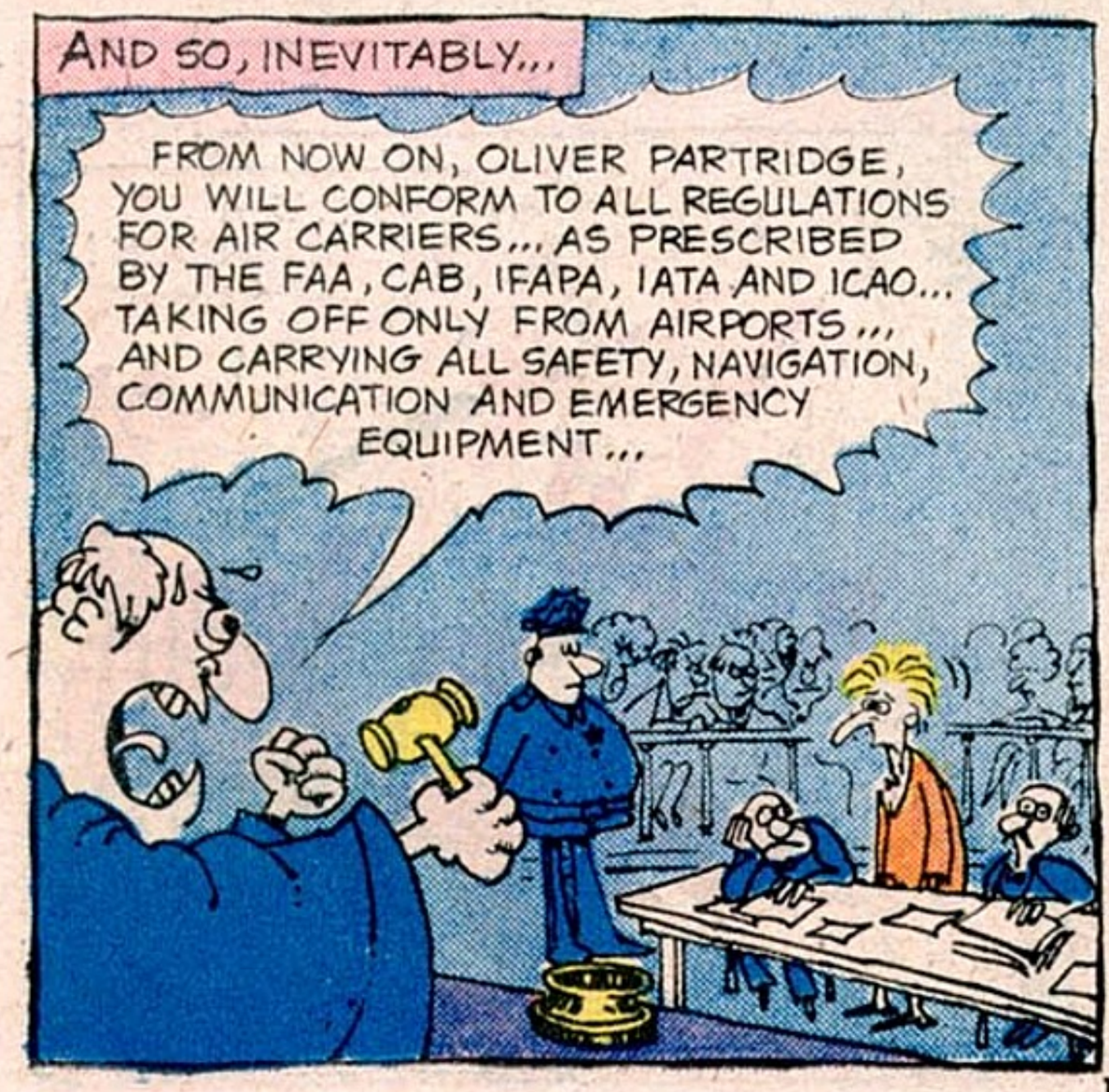


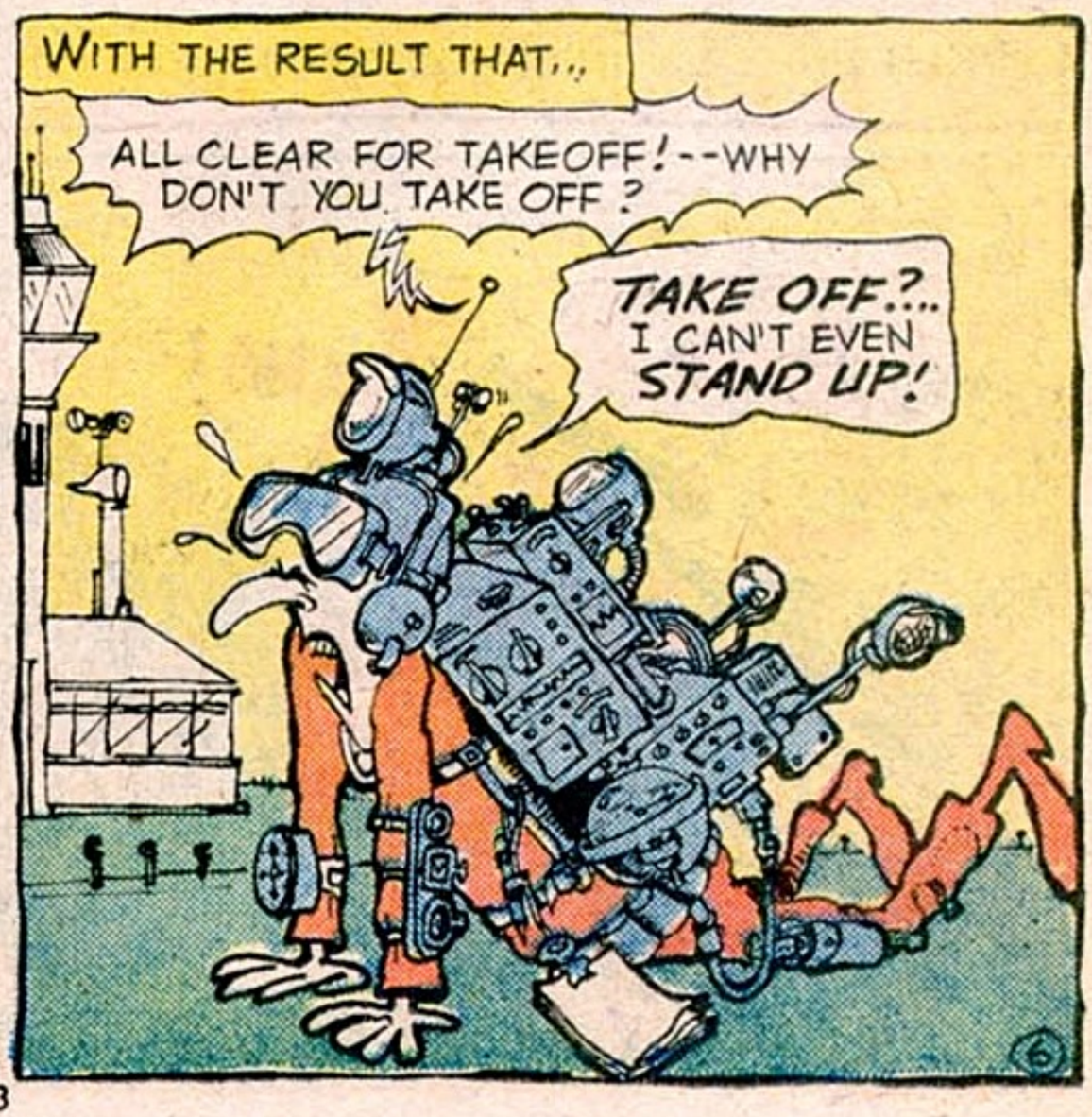

OR OVER THE CITY...
THAT'S HIM! --THERE HE GOES!

--OR HIGHER UP--
I'M JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEA GULL!
GET LOST!

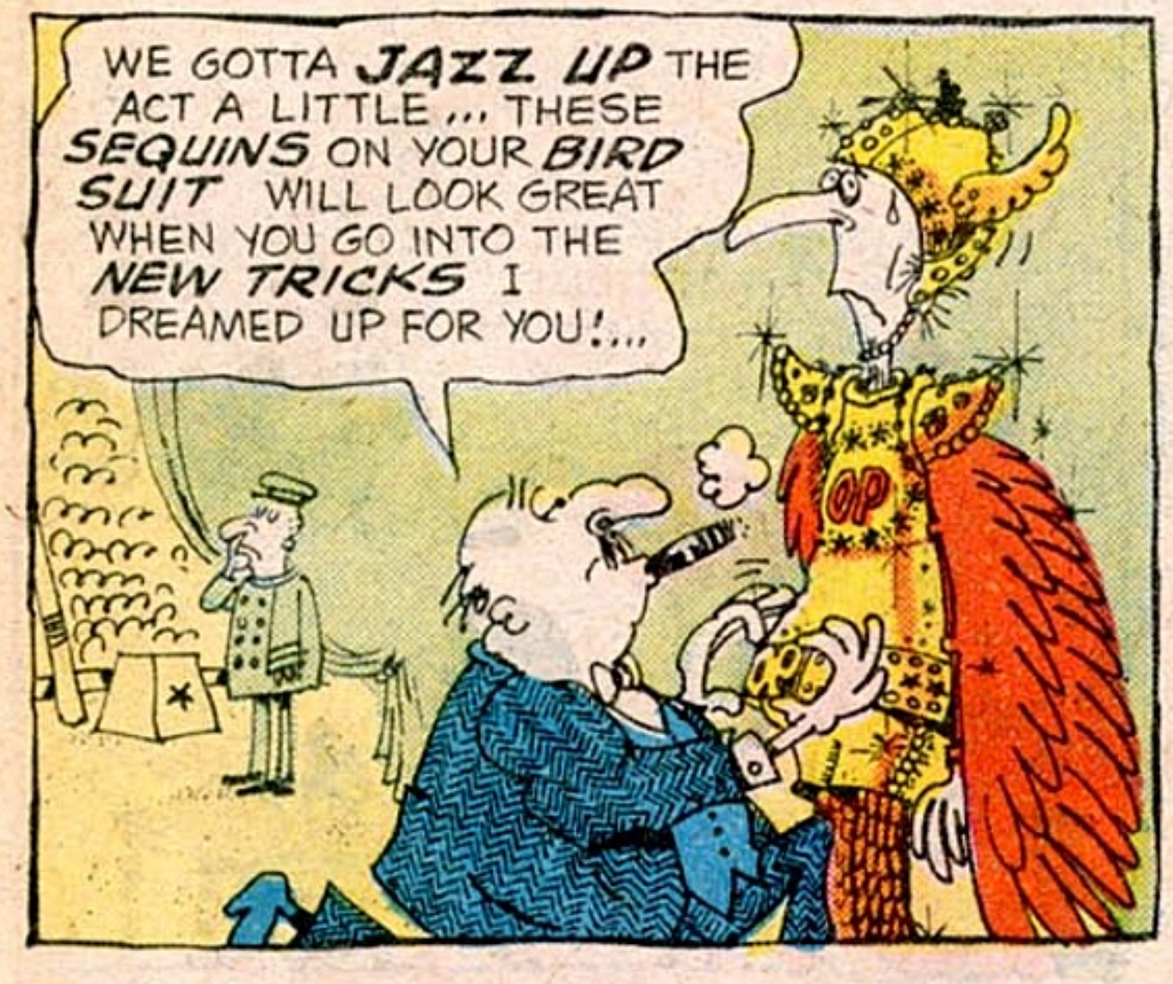

--OR HIGHER THAN THAT...
EAGLE SIGHTSEEING TOURS
HERE HE IS IN ACTION, FOLKS --AS ADVERTISED!

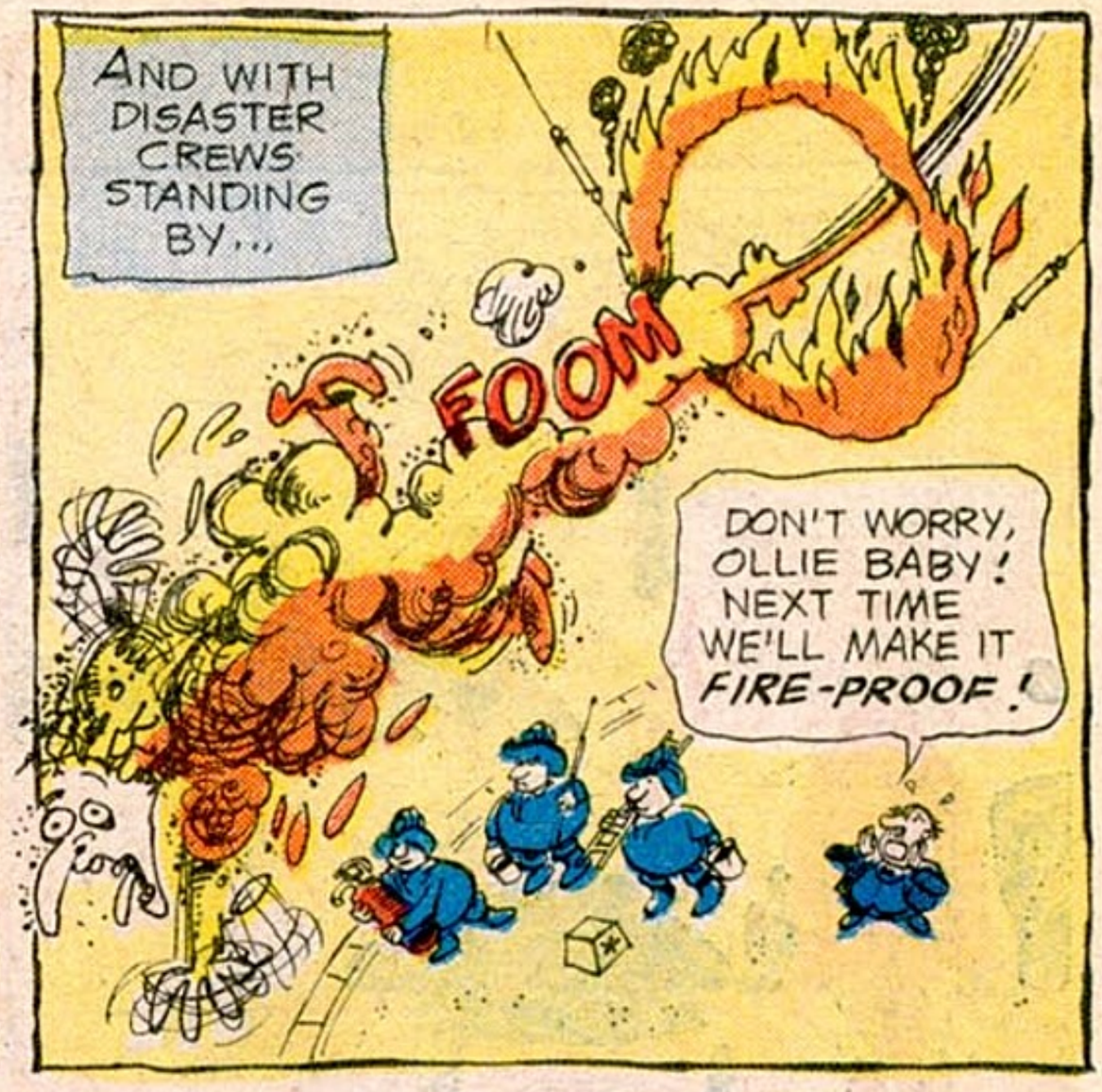

--UNTIL ONE DAY, HE WENT HIGHER STILL...
FLIGHT 614 TO GROUND CONTROL! IT'S OLIVER P. AGAIN-- FOULING EVERYTHING UP!...

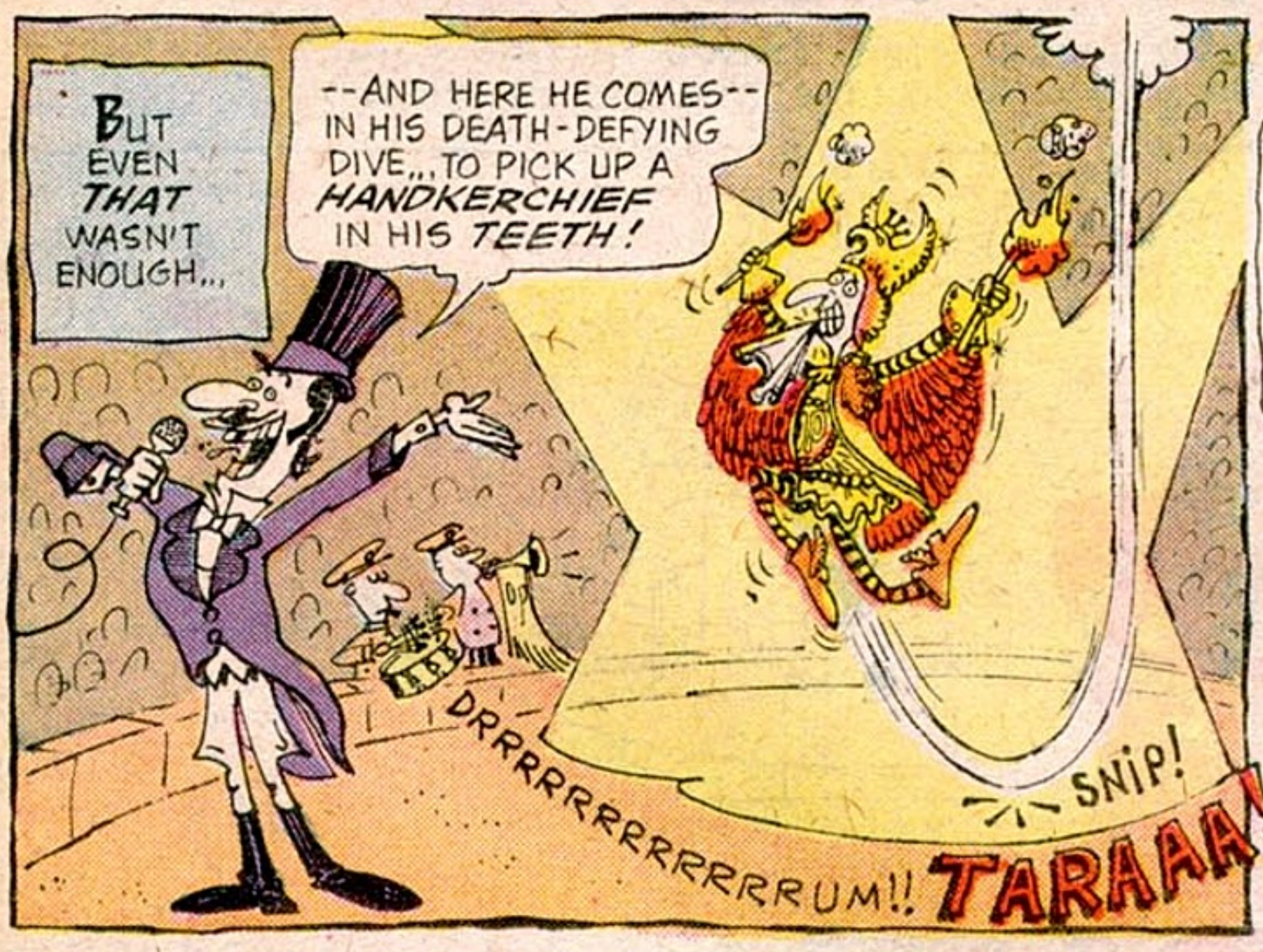

AND SO, INEVITABLY...
FROM NOW ON, OLIVER PARTRIDGE, YOU WILL CONFORM TO ALL REGULATIONS FOR AIR CARRIERS... AS PRESCRIBED BY THE FAA, CAB, IFAPA, IATA AND ICAO... TAKING OFF ONLY FROM AIRPORTS... AND CARRYING ALL SAFETY, NAVIGATION, COMMUNICATION AND EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT...


WITH THE RESULT THAT...
ALL CLEAR FOR TAKEOFF! --WHY DON'T YOU TAKE OFF ?
TAKE OFF.?... I CAN'T EVEN STAND UP!

NOW, THE ONLY TIME OLIVER EVER FLEW WAS WHEN HE PERFORMED...*INDOORS*... AND SOON... LIKE EVERYTHING IN SHOW BUSINESS... EVEN THE GREATEST ACT IN THE WORLD BEGAN TO PALL...

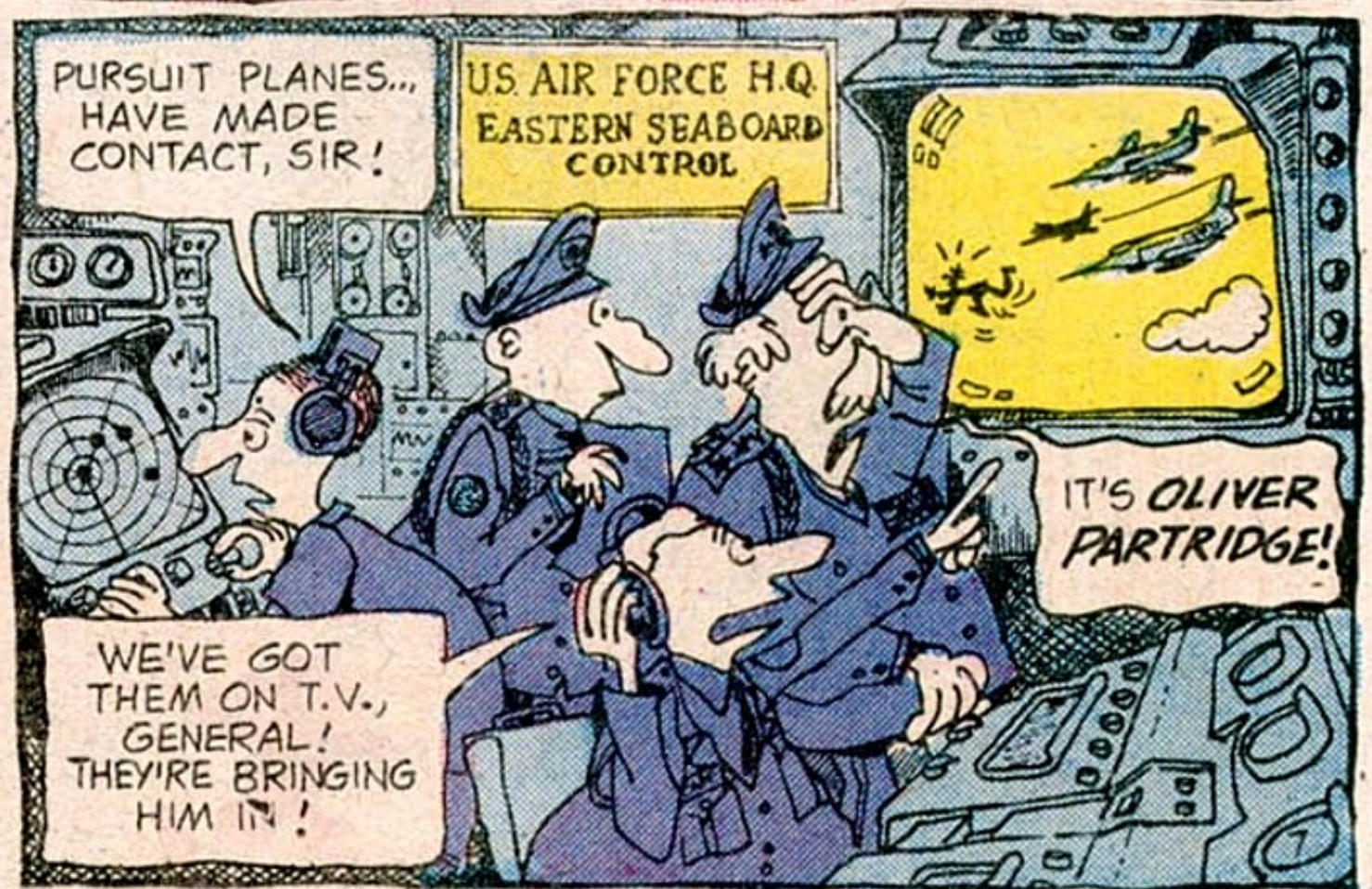






HE NEEDED TO BE ALONE... TO HAVE TIME TO THINK... TO DECIDE ON A COURSE OF ACTION... AND SO OLIVER FLEW FAR OUT OVER THE OCEAN...

BUT OLIVER WAS WRONG AGAIN! AS AN UNIDENTIFIED, UNRESPONSIVE AIRCRAFT OFF THE COAST, HE HAD SET OFF A *RED ALERT!*



PUNISHMENT WAS VERY SWIFT... AND VERY *SEVERE...*

PARTRIDGE! YOU'RE A MENACE TO SOCIETY! FOR YOUR CRIMES, VIOLATIONS AND CONTEMPT OF COURT, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO *20 YEARS AT HARD LABOR...* TO BE SERVED--

...BUT SUDDENLY--MIRACULOUSLY--HELP ARRIVED FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE...

YOUR HONOR, I AM THE SULTAN OF KUMBALI... I ASK THAT THE PRISONER BE PAROLED IN MY CUSTODY... TO BE TAKEN WITH ME TO MY COUNTRY... WHERE HE CAN FLY TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT!

GRANTED!!

THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR... THANK YOU, YOUR MAJESTY... THANK YOU...

AND SO... A FEW WEEKS LATER... OLIVER PARTRIDGE WAS LIVING HIS NEW LIFE--LITERALLY AT THE END OF HIS ROPE...

FATHER, IT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL TOY YOU'VE EVER GIVEN ME--A *HUMAN KITE!*

YES, MY LITTLE PRINCE... AND YOU CAN FLY HIM NO MATTER THE WEATHER--WIND OR NOT--DAY OR NIGHT--

AND WHEN OLIVER WASN'T FLYING, HE WAS GETTING THE ROYAL TREATMENT HE WAS PROMISED...

BUT I CAN'T GO ON LIVING ON *BIRD SEED!*

VERY WELL... STARTING TOMORROW, YOU GET NOTHING BUT *WORMS!*

SO REMEMBER THAT RENOWN AND RICHES CAN BE DEADLY AND TREACHEROUS WORDS, AND THE GIFT THAT FATE FREELY HANDS YOU MAY NOT EVEN BE FIT FOR THE BIRDS!

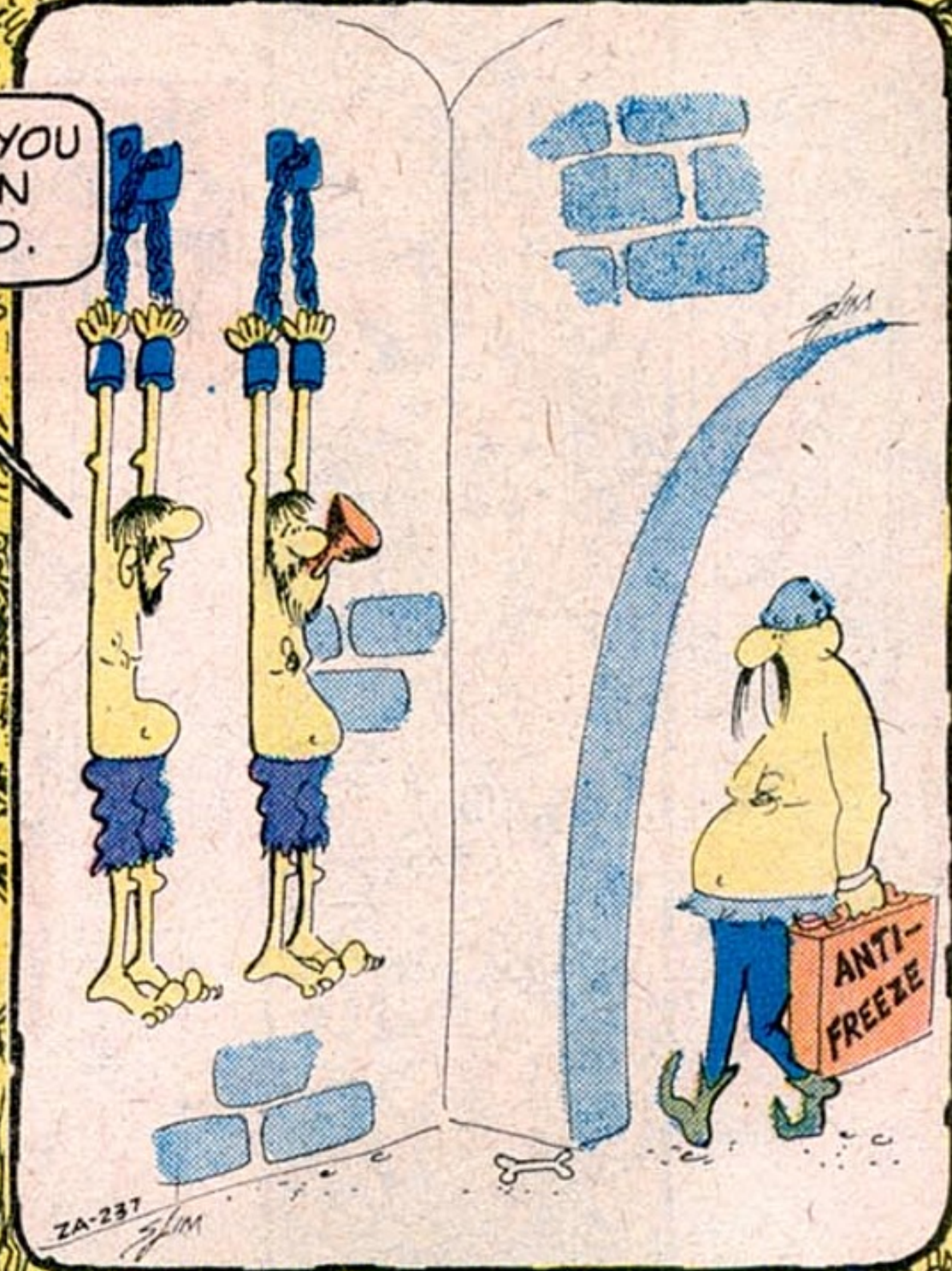
END

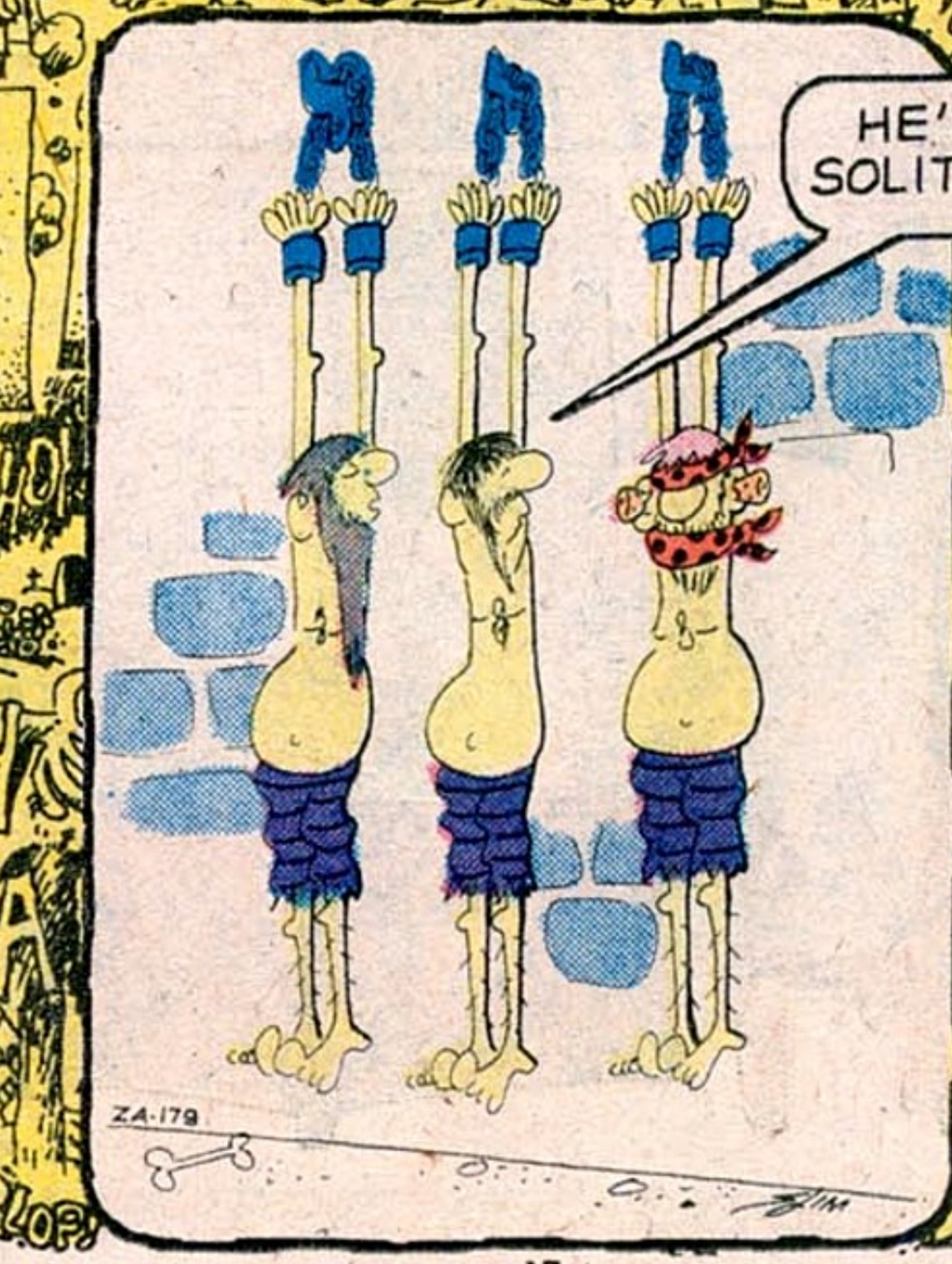
PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE ARE USUALLY THE LUCKIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD! BUT IT'S WHEN THE PEOPLE YOU NEED GO "*BOOGA-BOOGA TO YOU*" THAT GETS YOU...

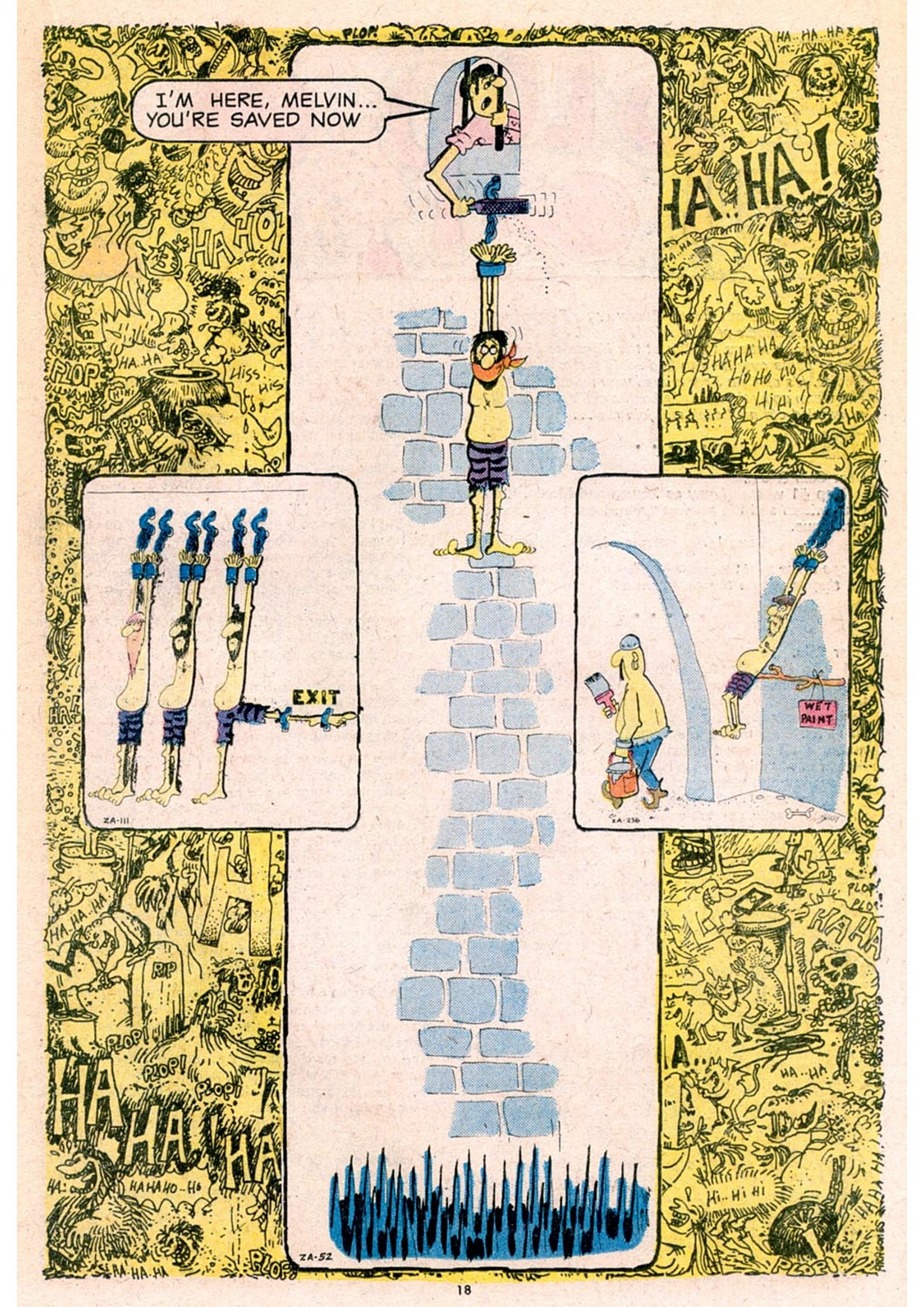
PEOPLE PLOPS

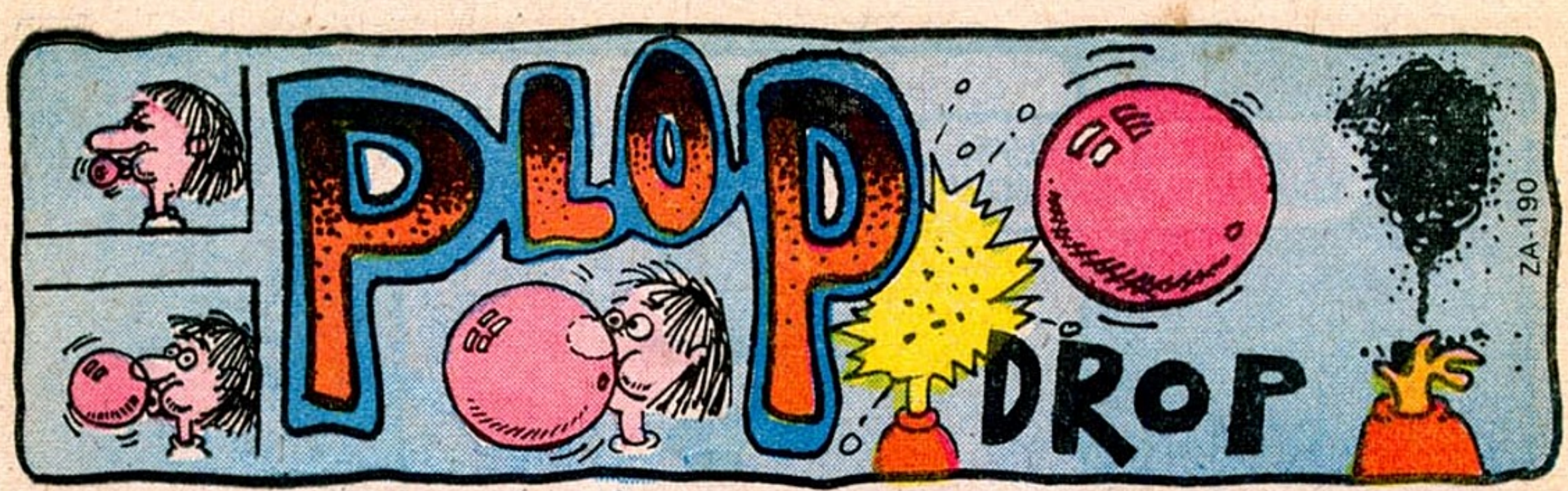
HOW DO YOU MAKE PRISON PLOPS? TAKE A BATCH OF ***BAWL-AND-CHAIN*** HA-HAS, POUR IN THE MOST HILARIOUS ONE-LINERS EVER ***PENNED***, AND THEN ***STIR***, LIKE ***CRAZY!***

PRISON PLOPS






PLOP!
I'M HERE, MELVIN... YOU'RE SAVED NOW
HA..HA..HA
HA..HA!
HA HA
HA..HA
FLOP
HA..HA
HISS!
HISS
HAHA HA
HO HO HO
HI HI!
HA..HA
EXIT
ZA-111
WET PAINT
ZA-236
HA-HA-HA
RIP
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
HA HA HA
HA-HA-HA
HAHAHO-HO
HA-HA-HA
PLOP
PLOP!
PLOP!
HA
HA
HA..HA
HA..HA
HI..HI HI
HAHA HA
PLOP
ZA-52



Brrr . . . it's cold out. Easter Bunny or no Easter Bunny, it's still the middle of winter and I'm cold. So when I ran out of dumb letters to burn at the House of Mystery, I had to come over here to find some more. That's right, kiddies, it's ol' Cain here to read your muddled missives and warm up by the light of a bonfire of Plop mail. Pull up a rumpled old mail sack and join me . . .

• • • • •

Dear Cain & Co.,

Plop #1 was as funny as Rowan and Martin. It was well-written and the art was great. I can't wait for the next issue.

Doug Lang, Pompton Lakes, New Jersey

I hope we're a lot funnier *than Rowan and Martin—after all, they're not on the air anymore!*

• • • • •

Dear Cain,

I was so impressed with your first three ocular, orgasmic, onomatopoeiatic issues of Plop that I even let the other guys at the asylum look at it. What the nation has so deeply desired is Plop . . . we've been in need of it all along. Plop makes me laugh, it makes me cry. It makes me feel good when the cops say, "There's a demon in our midst!" Plop is also useful for beating off werewolves and vampires.

Sergio Aragones is an ideal Plopper, so fer Angstrom's sake, don't release him from his cage. I think he's Mr. Plop, plain and simple. He is the utmost in art and we worship a statue of him at our coven every Friday night.

Unfortunately, I haven't read it . . . for two good reasons: 1) It's too dark in this cave, and 2) I don't know how to read. However, Plop has a spicy aroma and tastes pretty good. Pass the catsup.

Dutch Thomas, Oak Hill, West Virginia

Actually, I think it tastes much better with mustard.

• • • • •

Dear Monsters,

Plop is sickening me and I don't even have a chance to have an Alka-Seltzer because there are no commercials!

Noel Caban, No Address Given

Well, by printing your cute little plug for Alka-Seltzer we've just introduced the first commercial into Plop!

• • • • •

Dear Ploppers,

If you put out one more issue of Plop I'm going to Plop Dead!

Russell Franks, Rudley, California

Sorry to see you go!

Dear Plop editors,

I am just back from a trip to the local Seven Eleven Store. I was out of cigarettes and, having a nicotine fit, I drove over there. Once there, I made the mistake of glancing at the comic rack and saw your magazine.

I have been buying comics for the last ten years or so and have been trying to give them up. It's bad enough having these nicotine fits and trying to give up cigarettes. My house is FULL of comics and I hardly ever read them, but every time I'm near a comic rack I end up spending three bucks on the things. I don't have any more room to *keep* the things . . .

But I picked your mag off the rack and flipped through it. I wasn't the least bit interested in buying the thing and was successfully overcoming the urge to buy any comics today when I came across your letter column. It contained a letter from a character known as Guy H. Lillian III.

Now I've met Guy H. Lillian III recently, at a convention of sorts in New Orleans. He's a very nice fellow who continually came up and said "hello" at the con, usually in the mornings when I had my hangovers. At times during the evening sessions of the con, he would say something mildly intelligent and somewhat interesting, which had the annoying habit of distracting me from my drinking and sobering me up.

Thus, at Seven Eleven today, knowing that Guy H. Lillian III would have something mildly intelligent and slightly interesting to say in your letter column, I ended up buying Plop magazine, two packs of a low-tar, low-nicotine cigarette brand, and a six pack of beer for my trouble. Now here I am, after dinner and more beer, bombed out of my mind on the latter, and having finished reading Guy's letter and flipping through the rest of the magazine.

If Guy's letter had been any more scholarly and philosophical, I'd be on my way back to Seven Eleven for another six pack. The rest of the magazine was the kind of trash I expected.

Thus I have a humble request to make of your editorial staff. Please continue publishing all your disgusting attempts at humor, but please stop publishing any future correspondence from Guy H. Lillian III. I will then feel free to shop for cigarettes and beer at Seven Eleven in peace, and will successfully restrain myself from buying any more degenerate comics like your own. I will drink to your health if you do so.

George H. Wells, Address Unknown

If we were gentlemen we would certainly honor your request. However, we are not, so a Guy H. Lillian III letter follows posthaste . . . (anything to sell another copy!)

• • • • •

Dear Editor:

You won't catch *me* laughing at anyone's PLOPs . . .

except perhaps your own. I was served up with a juicy, dripping, yuchhy PLOP right in your second issue, when a letter appeared over my name.

The PLOP? Seems I'd be grateful to have a letter published, seeing as I like to call myself the greatest comic letterhack on earth, quality-wise (Bob Rozakis, the usurper, says he's had *more* published, but I discount him as a mere pretender to my throne). No Plop there. But yes! A Plop existed. I didn't *write* that letter!

Proof: when Guy Lillian writes a letter, he (which is to say, I) sticks a lunacae in it somewhere. Not *one* lunacae appeared in the letter in Plop #2. A shameful forgery.

Now I concur with many of the things said in that letter. I did dig PLOP #1 . . . and PLOP #2 . . . and PLOP #3. Dig I did, a big hole, into which the shredded comics fell. Sergio Aragones may be brilliant, Sergio Aragones may have the greatest instantaneous comic wit of artists working in the industry (why do you guys call it an "industry?"), Sergio Aragones may be a for-real genius, but . . .

Now that's a lunacae.

And this is a for-real Guy Lillian LOC. Accept no substitutes.

Guy Lillian III, Greensboro, North Carolina

In order to properly investigate your charges I asked our two resident letterhacks turned staffers—Martin (Pesky) Pasko, and Bob Rozakis. Their verdict was unanimous—this letter is obviously a forgery. Everyone knows that Guy always signs his letters "Guy H. Lillian III!"

• • • • •

Dear Cain,

It's about time! Sergio Aragones is one of the finest humor artists around and deserves a magazine devoted to his style of humor. I've followed him in Mad, House of Mystery, House of Secrets, Sinister House, and I even bought the three paperback collections of his work that Mad put out. Please keep him busy!

Evan Marks, Miami Beach, Florida

Three paperback collections? Sorry, Evan, but by the time this letter sees print there will be a fourth paperback of all-new Sergio Aragones gags. I don't know the title, but any devoted Sergio fan will spot it instantly.

• • • • •

Dear Troublemakers & Weirdos,

Here is a list of America's magazines, from the best to the worst:

Mad
Life
Time
Good Housekeeping
The Sears Catalog
The New York Mets Program
Crosswords
Plop.

But seriously, I think it is the best thing since the automobile.

Mike Walker, Newport News, Virginia

That's ridiculous . . . everybody knows that Plop is lots funnier than the automobile!

• • • • •

Dear Cain,

I received Plop #2 today. Gee! It's great to have a comic mag with no advertisements! The cover was all right . . . nothing special. But boy, was I glad to see the Table of Plop-Tents. Keep it up! "The Demand" was very funny, although Aragones' quality fell in "Hey Skinny." "No Ghoul Like An Old Ghoul" was a bad title for a good story. "The Man Who Came To Dinner" was alright, but I was expecting a Berni Wrightson masterpiece.

Evan Marks, Miami Beach, Florida

A Berni Wrightson masterpiece you wanted . . . a Berni Wrightson masterpiece you've got . . . just keep turning the pages of this issue. Besides, how come you wrote two letters on this issue?

• • • • •

Dear Sirs,

I was eating an ice cream cone in front of a book store when I saw Plop on one of the store's magazine racks. So I threw my cone away (since it wasn't no-drip) and bought your magazine. It's a great mag!

Greg, Address & Last Name Unknown

That'll teach you to buy no-drip ice cream!

• • • • •

Dear Cain,

Plop is ridiculous. What are you guys trying to do? In any other comic you get a break; there are pages of ads you can skip over without missing anything. But in Plop you are forced to read every page! Otherwise you'll miss a funny cartoon, or some other strange kind of Plop. Even the inside covers are good! Like I said—ridiculous!

Keep this up and I'll go crazy faster than Sergio Aragones!

Paul Emrath, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

By forcing you to read every last bit of Plop, we can sneak our nastly little subliminal messages in all over the place . . . the better to drive you crazy with.

• • • • •

Dear Sirs,

I think Plop is disgusting, and terrible, and rotten, and mouldy.

So keep up the good work.

Shaun Guenin, Burbank, California

• • • • •

Dear Cain Crew,

Congrats on another fantastic issue! Every one of the stories, even the "plops" were great. Even though Plop is a relatively new comic, it is already at the forefront of all the weird comics in the development of new monsters. I am referring, naturally, to the man who became a were-poodle in "Hey, Skinny!"

More modern monsters please!

Dirk Martine, Las Vegas, Nevada

More monsters? Why we gave you an entire monster convention last issue—what more could anyone ask for? Isn't it time that we gave the nice side of life its turn at bat? After all . . . the Easter Bunny does deserve equal time!

• • • • •

Dear Flop, uh, Plop,

I've heard your magazine called many things . . . but of course none of them are printable. My friend and I were discussing Plop just the other day (in a dark corner of an even darker alley) and we came up with the conclusion that "anyone who reads Plop must be fraying around their mental edges," but, aren't we all? By the way, have you noticed the cold stare that people give you when they see an issue of Plop in your hand? It's that kind of stare that reaches into you and makes your heart go Plop! I'll have to sign off now, mostly because my typewriter ribbon is about to go pl. . .

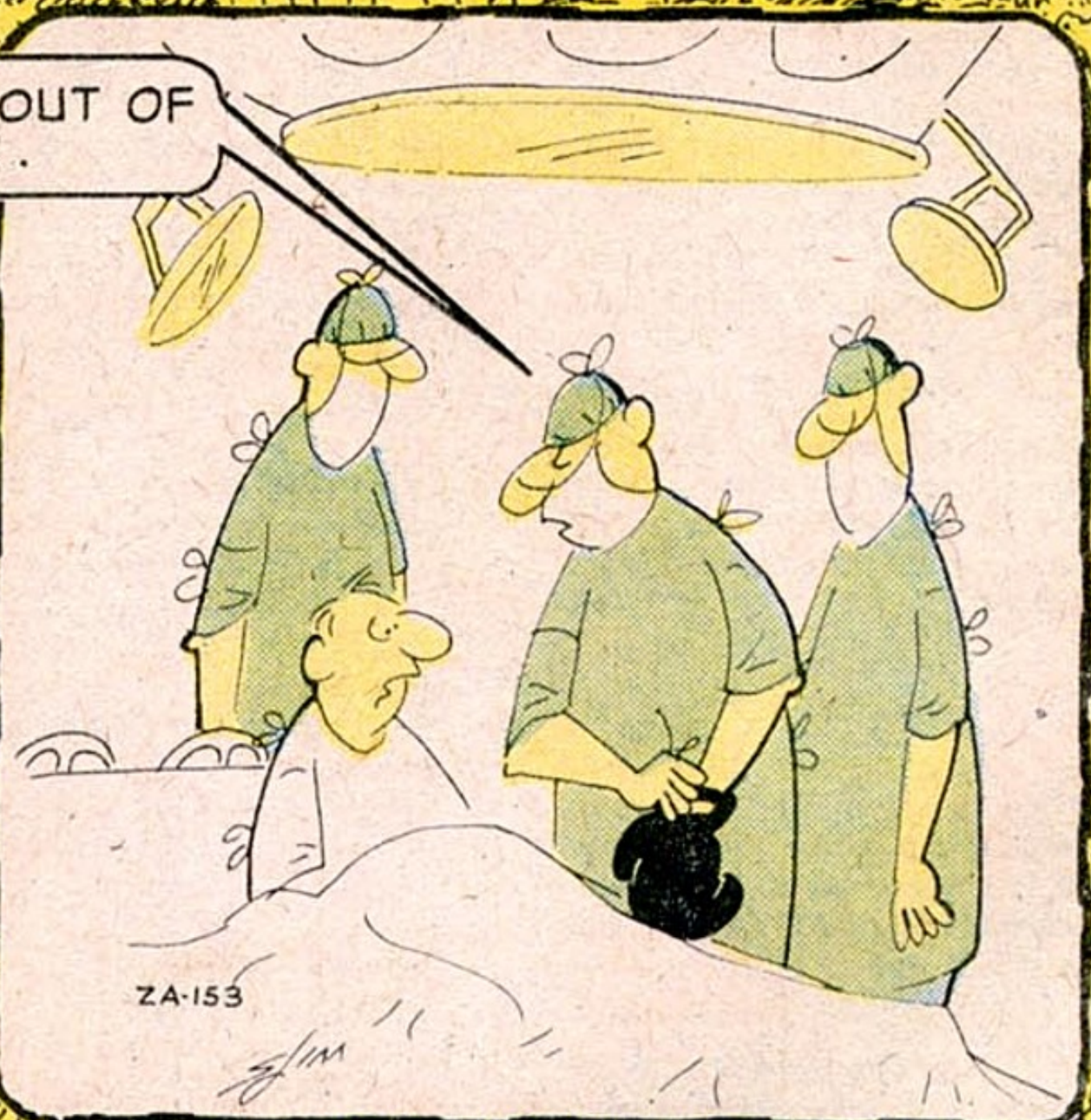
Andrew Timmons, Address Unknown

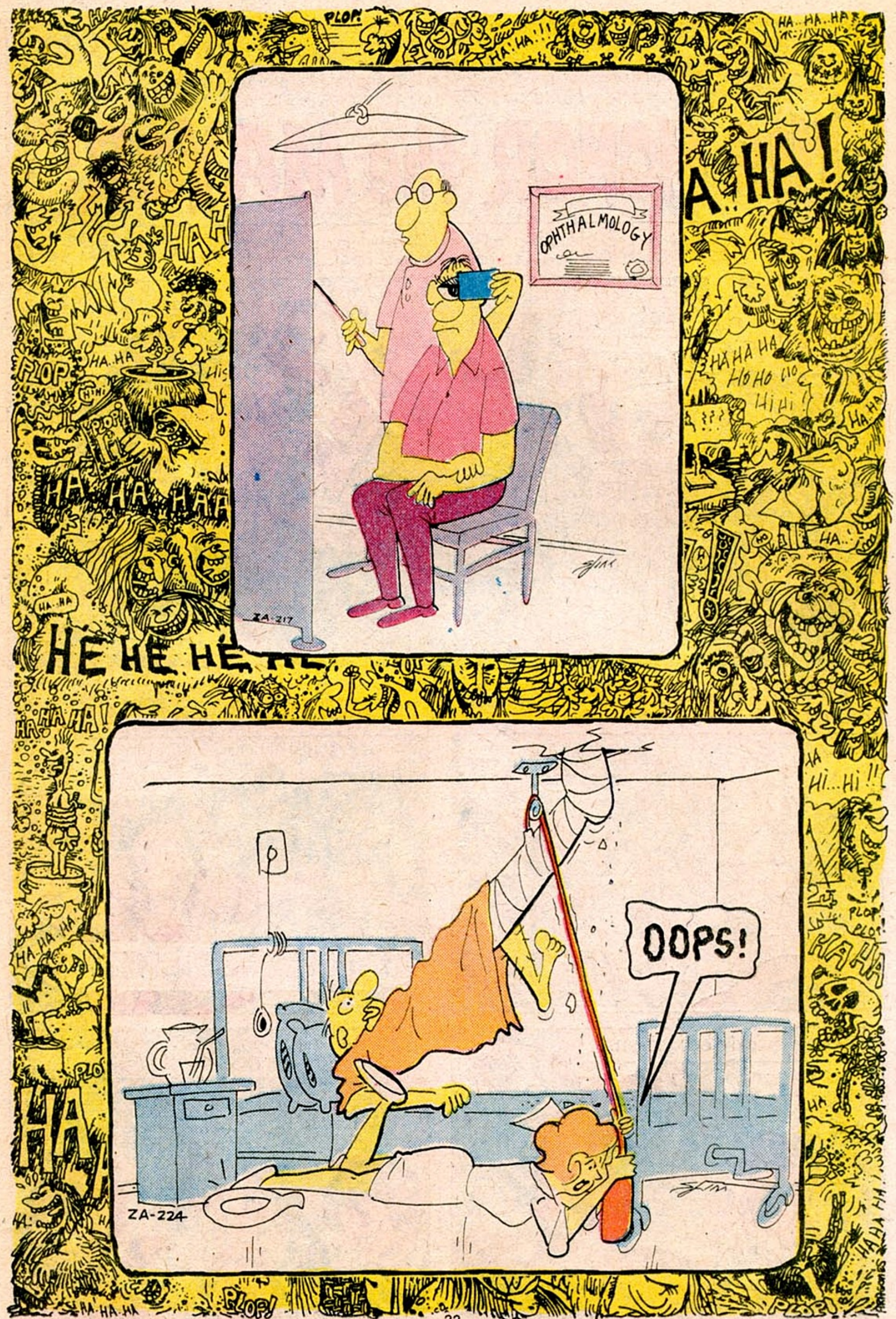
• • • • •

Where are your letters? Surely a magazine which gives you three stories, an introduction, a closing, a double-page lettercolumn, ten pages of gags, a table of contents, a cover, and a back-cover deserves a letter of comment! Please send your nasty little notes to PLOP DROP, National Periodical Publications, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019.

TIRED OF JOKES SO OLD YOU HEARD THEM WHEN THE ***DEAD SEA*** WAS STILL ***SICK?*** YOU NEED SOMETHING FRESH...NEW! GET ***FAST*** RELIEF FOR YOUR FLAGGING SPIRITS WITH...

PRESCRIPTION PLOPS




PLOP
HA! HA!
HA..HA..HA
A..HA!
HA HA HA
HO HO HO
HI HI
HA..HA
HA..!
OPHTHALMOLOGY
ZA-217
HA..HA
HE HE HE
HA HA HA!
HA HA HA
HA
HI...HI !!
PLOP
PLOP!
HA HA
OOPS!
ZA-224
PLOP!
PLOP!

It is virtually impossible to trace back to the very beginning of the meteoric rise of this sensational young 18th century New Englander... but what little is recorded pictures graphically how Darrell Igor, the least educated, least energetic and least ambitious of any of his contemporaries came to be known to this very day as

"HIS HONOR the MAYOR!"

It must be noted that Igor was little known and never ran for any public office...

It was the stunning effect he had on the people whose lives he touched that first brought him to public notice...

I THINK HE'S *KILLED* POOR BARON!...

HE ISN'T *IMPROVING* THE CONDITION OF ALFRED'S SCALP EITHER!

SCRIPT: BILL REILLY
ART: MIKE SEKOWSKY

With his particular charm he quickly became one of the leading citizens...

He had imagination and daring and though his style was different...

...people quickly caught on...

And he was soon raised to the loftiest position in the community!

Like many a politician, his followers didn't always know how he stood...
FOOLS! YOU THINK TO HANG ME!
IN THE TIME I'VE BEEN GONE I'VE BECOME A WITCH! WITCHES FROM MY COVEN CANNOT BE HANGED! WANT TO SEE ME STAND ON THIN AIR?
AH! HE STANDS WHERE THERE'S NOTHING!
HE'S IN LEAGUE WITH THE DEVIL!

And the public often found the issue somewhat confusing..
HE'S BECOME A WARLOCK!

But with due deliberation...
THERE'RE WAYS TO HANDLE WITCHES, TOO!
HERE! HERE! BURNING!
AYE-- BURNING!

It was decided that he was one man they had to have...
CATCH THE WARLOCK!
GET HIM!
DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

The demand for him was overwhelming...
AYE- BURN HIM!
YOU'RE GOING TO BURN...YOU WITCH!

There has never been a hotter candidate!
HE'S ESCAPING AGAIN!
NOW HE'S BECOME A VAMPIRE BAT!
LET'S APOLOGIZE TO HIM AND GO HOME!

His name was on everyone's lips...
HE'S BECOME A VAMPIRE! THE ONLY WAY TO DESTROY A VAMPIRE IS TO DRIVE A WOODEN STAKE THROUGH HIS HEART!

His contact with the common people gave him a certain down-to-earth quality...
GOT YA, MR. VAMPIRE!
2

That stirred people's imagination.
NO!

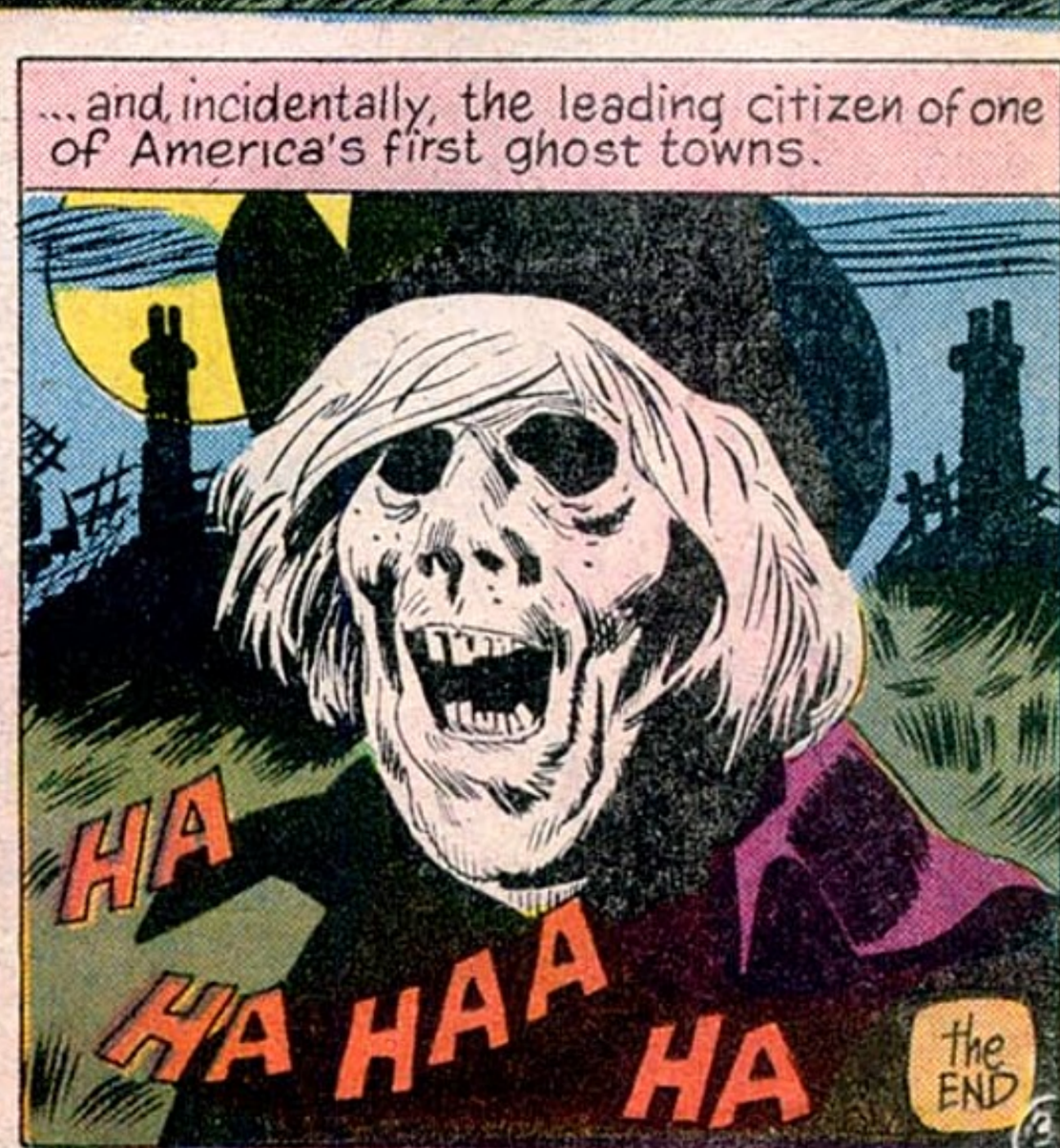
And when their point was well made...
AARGHH

He would quite good-naturedly...
WELL, THAT FINISHES HIM FOR GOOD THIS TIME!
I HOPE SO!

...change...
WE CAN ALL GO HOME NOW AND TRY TO FORGET...
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

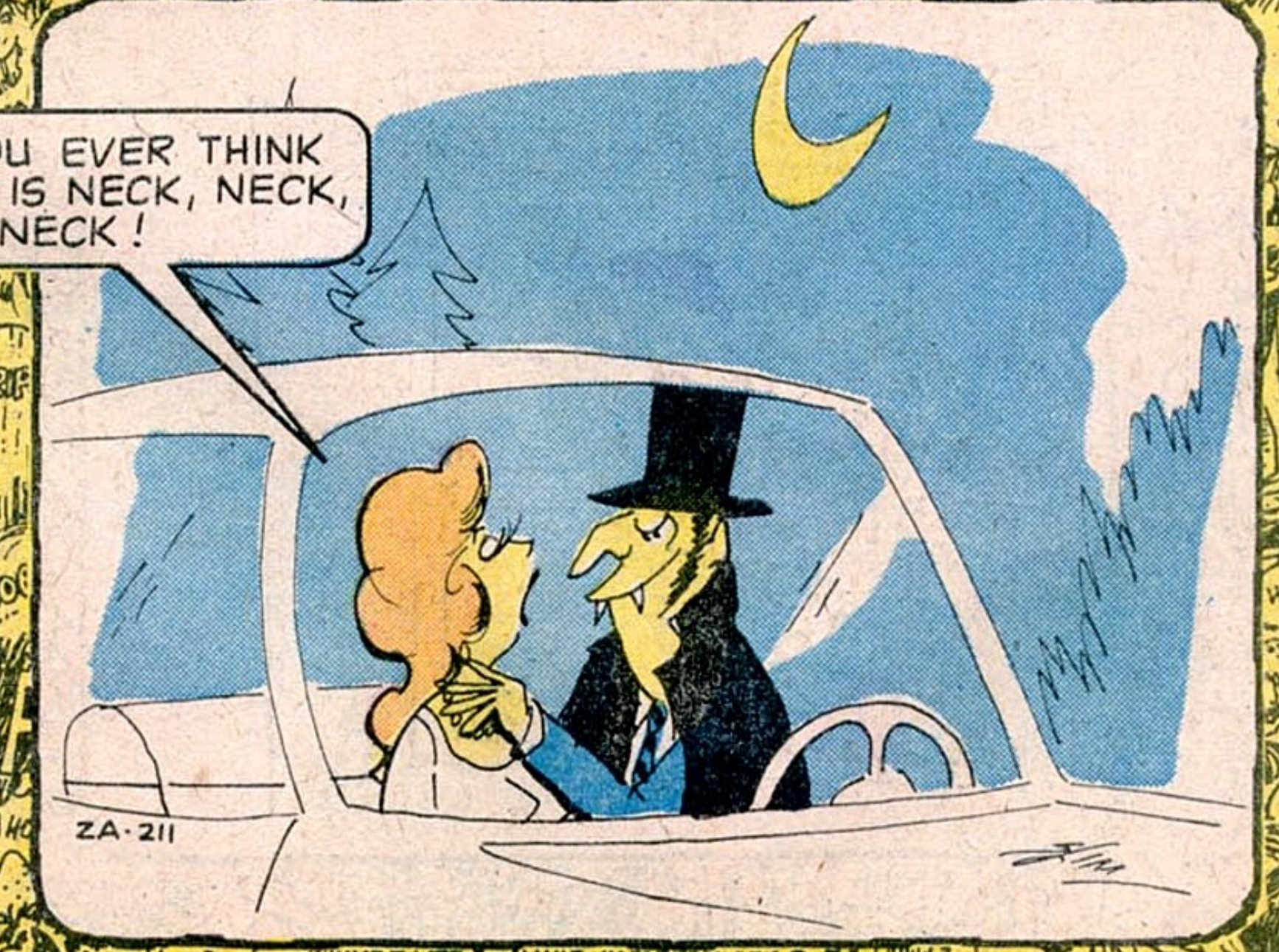
His position...
WHAT NOW?
LOOK! A GHOST!
HA HA HA HA HA

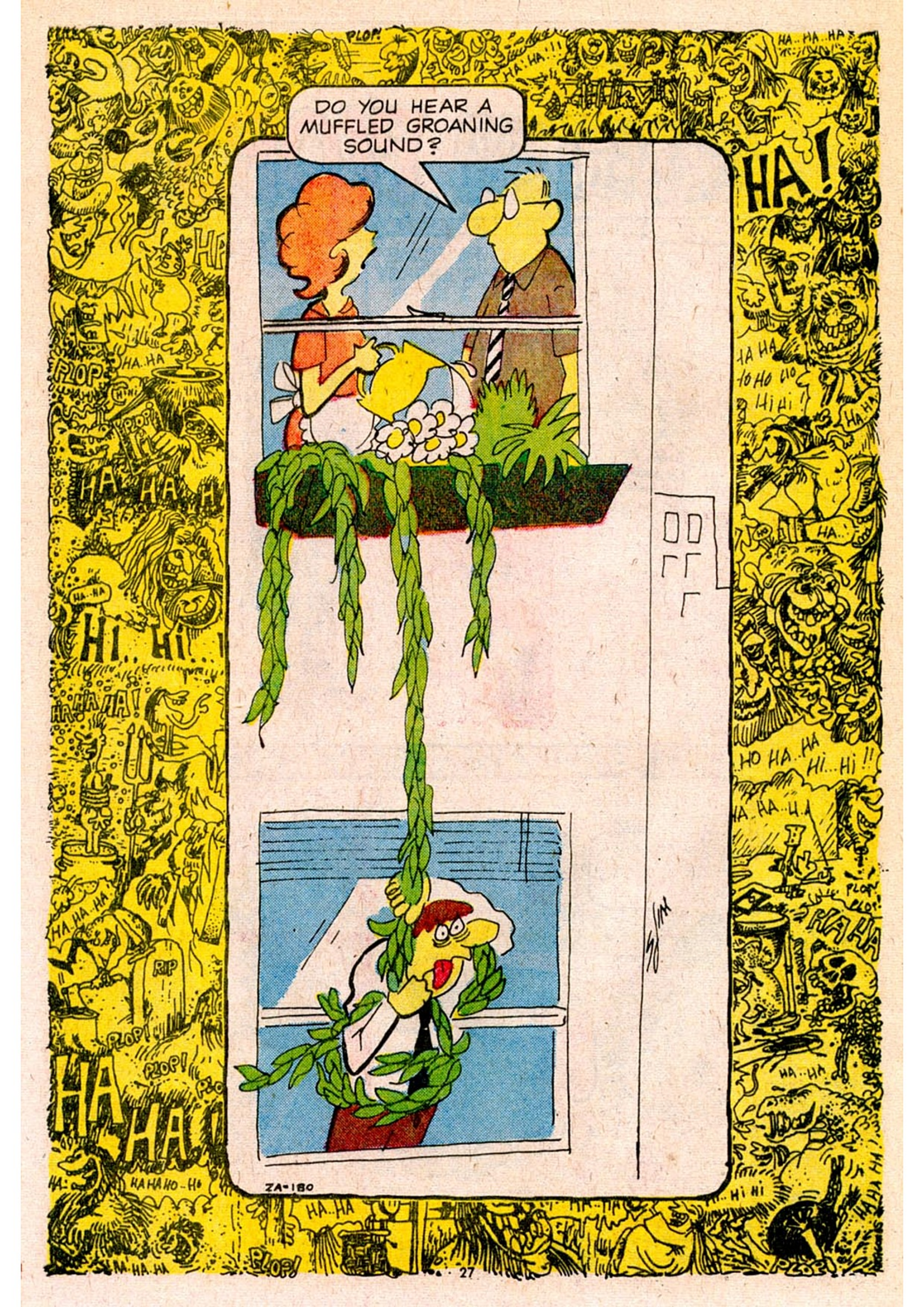
Is it any wonder then that he became the Mayor...
A GHOST OF A VAMPIRE! I'VE HAD ALL I CAN TAKE! I'M PACKING MY FAMILY AND LEAVING TOWN!
ME TOO!
I'M NOT EVEN WAITING TO PACK!


...and, incidentally, the leading citizen of one of America's first ghost towns.
HA HA HAA HA
the END

AND NOW, HERE ARE THOSE FUNNIES ABOUT *GHOULIES* AND *GHOSTIES* AND LONG-LEGGED *BEASTIES* AND THINGS THAT GO *PLOP* IN THE NIGHT...

MONSTER PLOPS




PLOP!
HA..HA..!!
HA..HA..HA
DO YOU HEAR A MUFFLED GROANING SOUND?
HA!
HA HA
HO HO HO
HI HI!
HA..HA
HA..!
HO HA..HA
HI...HI!!
HA..HA..HA
PLOP
HA HA
PLOP
HA..HA
HA..HA..HA
RIP
PLOP!
PLOP!
HA HA
HA..HA
HA HA HO..HO
HA..HA..HA
HA..HA
HI HI
HA HA HA
PLOP!
ZA-180

MOLDED IN FLESH

GREETINGS, STUDENTS! YOU HAVE JUST ENTERED THE FASCINATING, IF SOMEWHAT DEPRESSING, "ART HYSTERIA" CLASS... I'M CAIN, YOUR INSTRUCTOR, AND TODAY'S LECTURE IS TITLED...

IT WAS PARIS IN THE YEAR 1850, THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR OF GARGOYLES, ***PIERRE GOUNY,*** IS ON THE THRESHOLD OF A MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, MON PETIT, YOU WILL PROVE I AM A GENIUS!

SOME MEN CALLED HIM ***MAD!***

FLAP FLAP FLAP ICK ICK ICK ICK ICK

FLAP FLAP FLAP ICK ICK ICK

HA-HA-HA... WELCOME TO ZE WORLD OF ZE LIVING, ***PETIT BÉBÉ!***

BUT NOW MEN MUST REVISE THEIR OPINIONS.

Bernie Lemarche

IDIOT! HAVE YOU GONE MAD MAKING ALL THOSE OBSCENE NOISES?

MY WIFE! WE MUST HIDE YOU, LITTLE ONE!
ICK?
ARE YOU DEAF -- ANSWER ME!

DO NOT BE AFRAID...

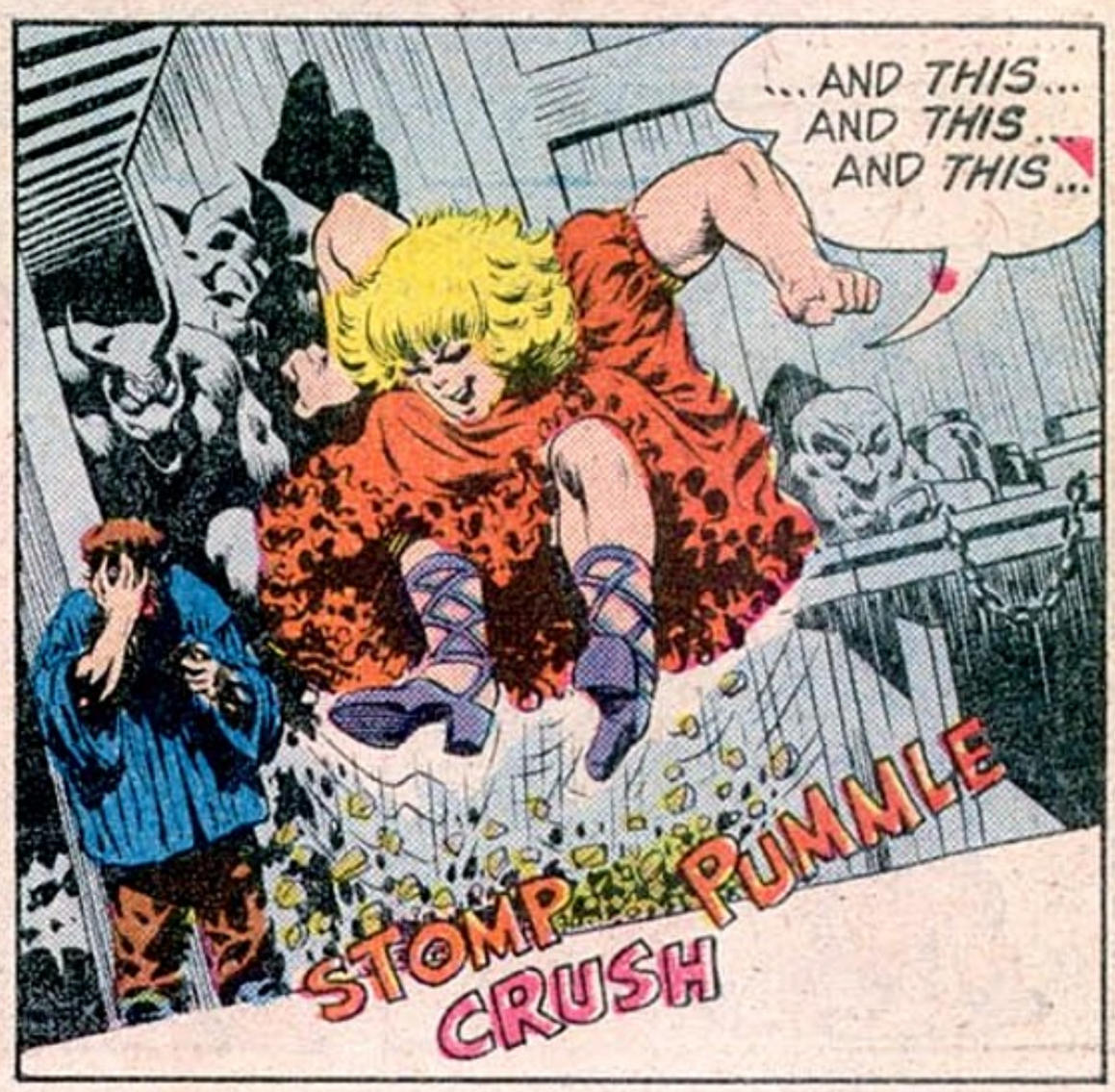
...THIS MAGIC FORMULA MERELY RETURNS YOU TO CLAY!
I CAN BRING YOU TO LIFE WHENEVER I CHOOSE!

AHA!... JUST AS I SUSPECTED! TALKING TO YOUR STUPID STATUES AGAIN!

BAD ENOUGH YOU WASTE TIME MOLDING SILLY BIRDS, NEGLECTING...
...YOUR FAMOUS GARGOYLES! NOW YOU DAY-DREAM, TOO!
ALLOW ME THAT ONE WEAKNESS, CHERE!
...ZE BIRD STATUE IS MY ONLY FRIEND!

FRIEND INDEED! I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT I THINK OF YOUR PRECIOUS "FRIEND!"
CLOTHILDE! CHERE... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

THIS!!
SOB!


...AND THIS... AND THIS... AND THIS...
STOMP
PUMMLE
CRUSH

HEAVEN HELP YOU, PIERRE, IF I EVER AGAIN CATCH YOU...
SOB!
...CARVING ANYTHING BUT GARGOYLES AGAIN! GARGOYLES BRING IN THE MONEY!

THE WITCH! SHE ONLY THINKS OF MONEY! :SOB:
BUT WHAT OF MY SOUL? :SOB: I MUST PUNISH HER. BUT HOW?
SOB

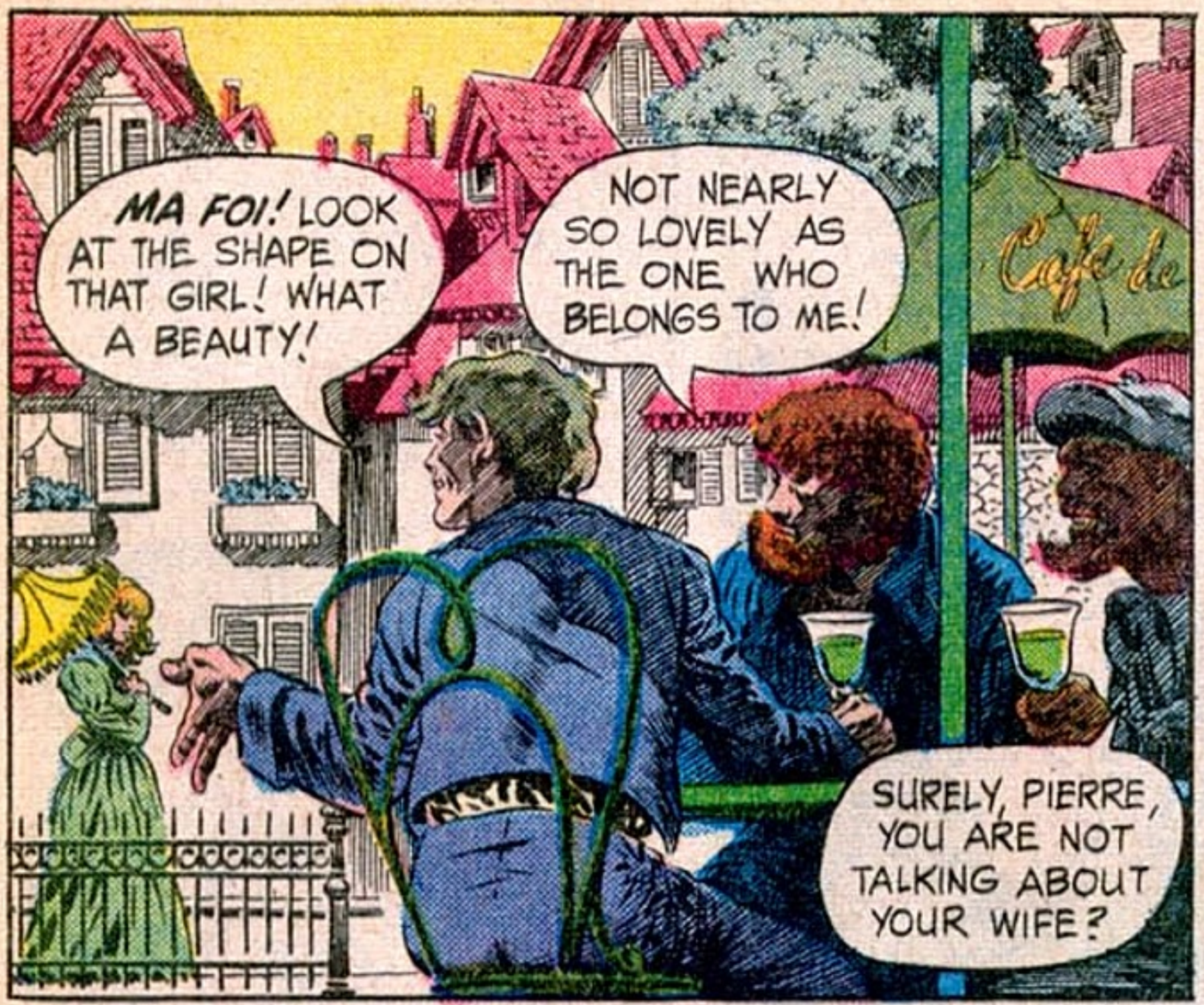
AHA! I'VE GOT IT! ZE LAST THING CLOTHILDE WOULD EVER SUSPECT!

AS IF DRIVEN BY THE DEVIL HIMSELF, THE SCULPTOR PLUNGED FEVERISHLY INTO HIS PLAN FOR *REVENGE!*
ZE MIXTURE OF CLAY MUST BE SOFT--

THE DAYLIGHT HOURS PASSED, NIGHT CAME, PIERRE GOUNY LABORED WITHOUT PAUSE.
SHE MUST BE YIELDING!
SHE MUST BE PLIABLE!
ZE FACE OF AN ANGEL...

COMBINED WITH *DESIRE* AND *PASSION!*

PASSION THAT WILL BE FOR ME ALONE!
SHE WILL COME TO LIFE WHEN ZE MAGIC LIQUID DRIES AWAY!
TOGETHER WE WILL RUN AWAY - I GO NOW TO CELEBRATE!


MA FOI! LOOK AT THE SHAPE ON THAT GIRL! WHAT A BEAUTY!
NOT NEARLY SO LOVELY AS THE ONE WHO BELONGS TO ME!
SURELY, PIERRE, YOU ARE NOT TALKING ABOUT YOUR WIFE?

AND WHY NOT? I SEE A LOT OF INNER BEAUTY, IN MY WIFE CLOTHILDE! HEH--HEH--HEH!
IT IS ABOUT TIME! MY LITTLE PIGEON SHOULD BE ALIVE BY NOW!

DRIVEN WITH PASSION FOR HIS WORK OF 'ART,' HE RAN BACK TO THE STUDIO LIKE A MAN DEMENTED.
SOB!
OH NO! CLOTHILDE! YOU BEAST!
I WARNED YOU, PIERRE GOUNY-- THIS IS NOT A GARGOYLE!

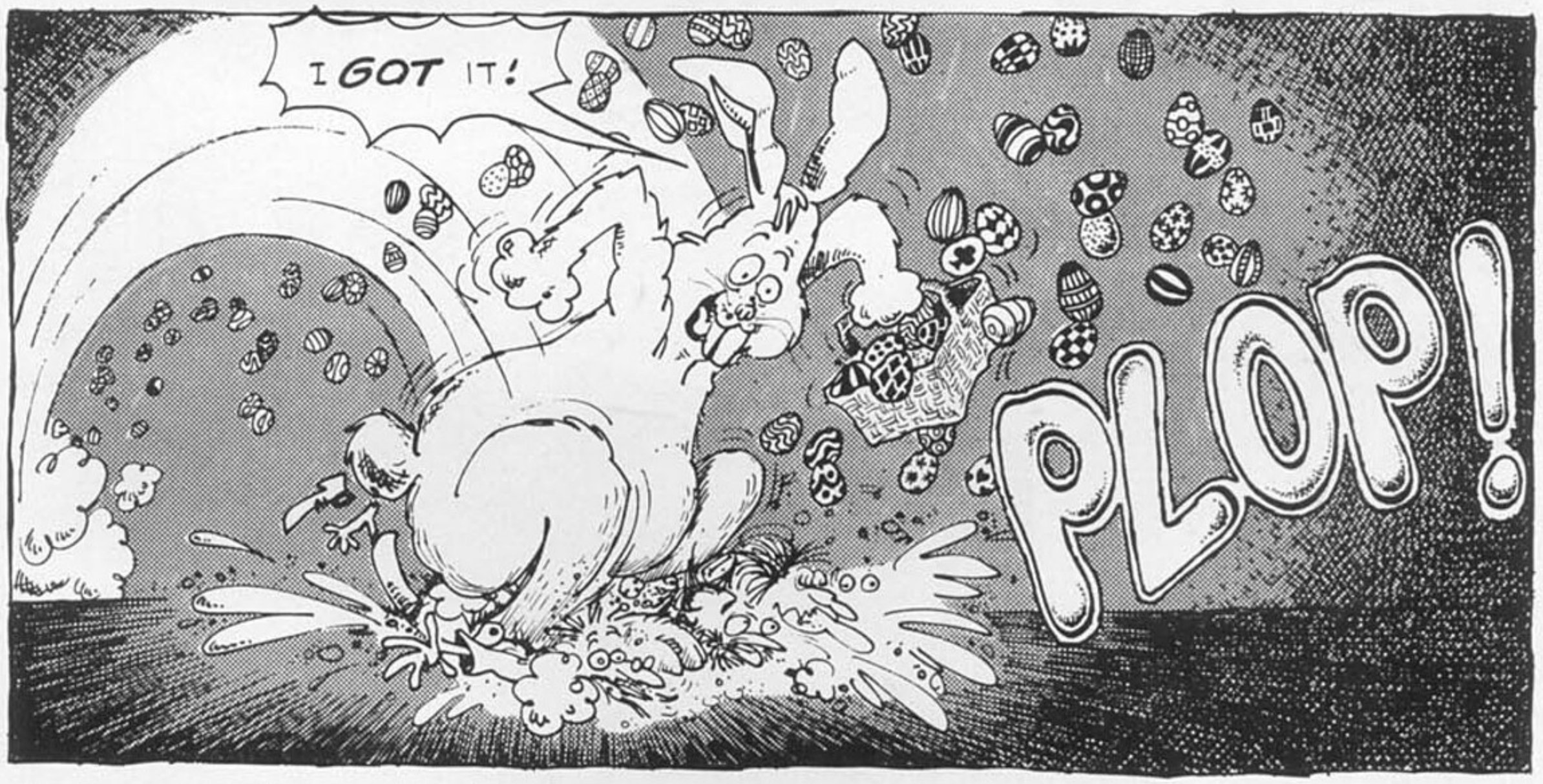
YOU FAT MURDERESS! YOU WORK ME TO DEATH TO KEEP YOU IN FOOD!
PIERRE! WHAT HAS COME OVER YOU?

DIE!

I SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT A LONG TIME AGO!
BUT WHERE TO CONCEAL HER CORPSE?
CLAY 1904
AH... BUT OF COURSE!

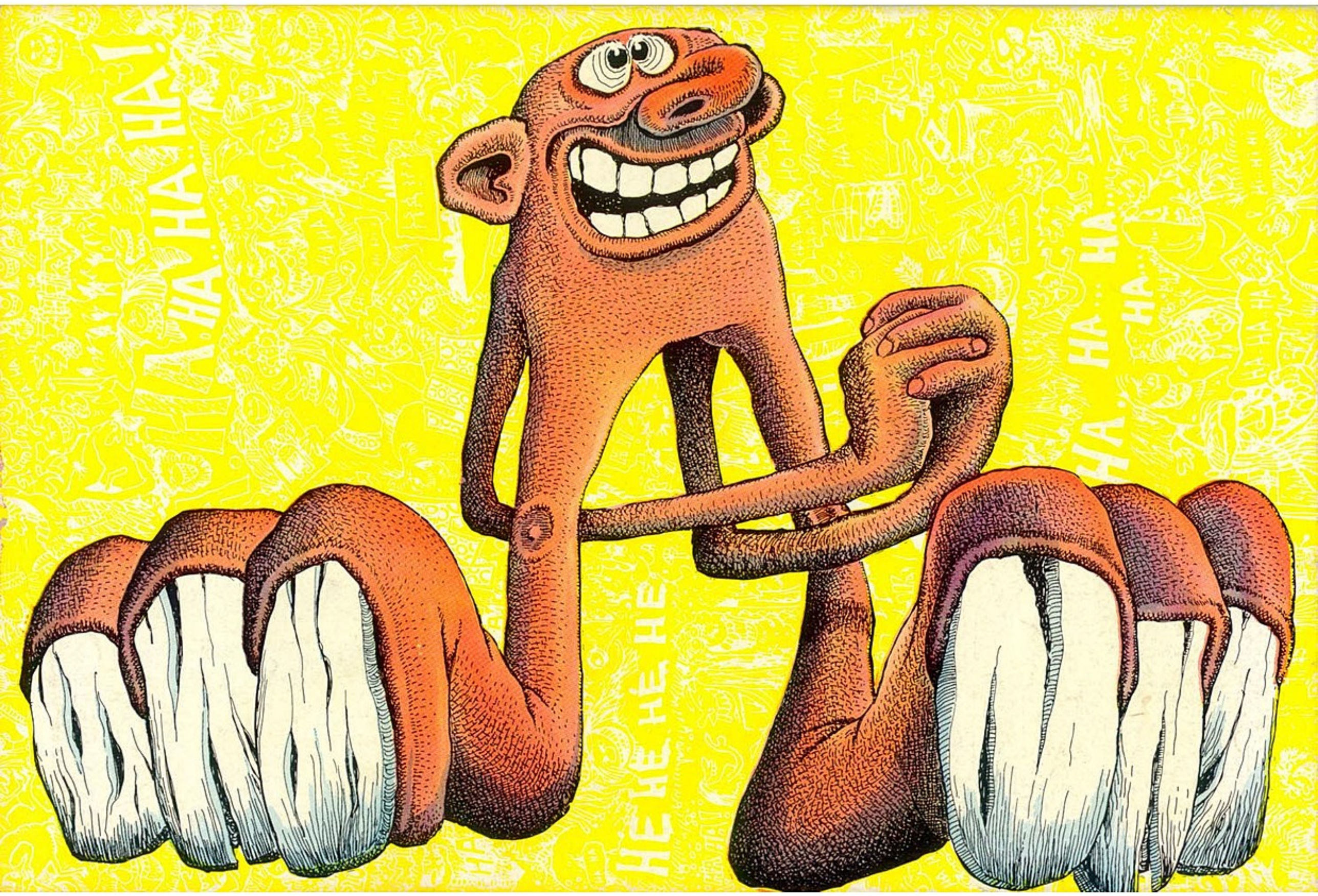
IDEA—ED NOONCHESTER WRITER—GEORGE KASHDAN ARTIST—BERNI WRIGHTSON

fin—



HE'S **GOT** IT, ALL RIGHT,,, SO DID WE!,,, ANYWAY,,, IT SHOWS THINGS DO GO **PLOP** ON YOU,,, SO **WATCH YOUR STEP NEXT ISSUE ,,, YOU** MAY BE **NEXT !**

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DURING THE THIRD WEEK IN MARCH


HA HA HA!
HA HA HA
HE HE HE